Vol. CIV.—No. 1356] as a Newspaper

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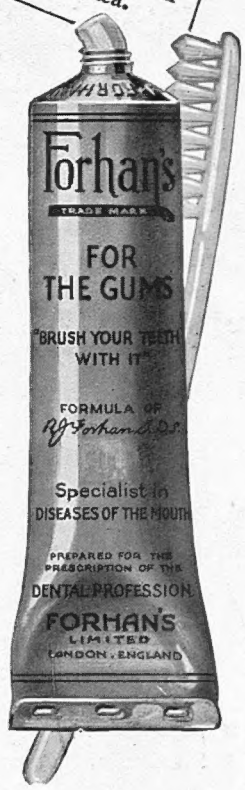

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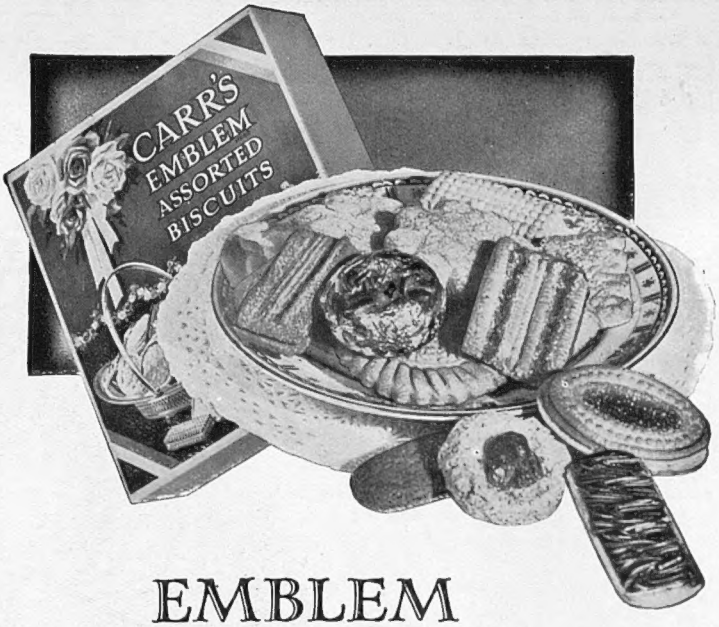

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The Bystander, December 11, 1920 No 1356 Vol. CIV

the BYSTANDER

BY MORO

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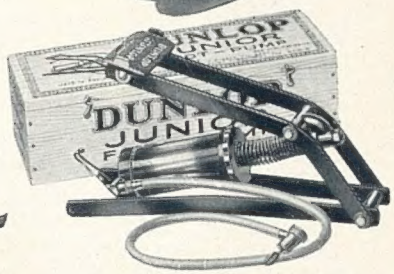

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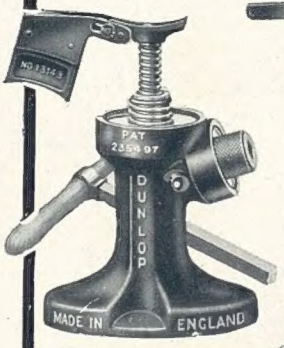

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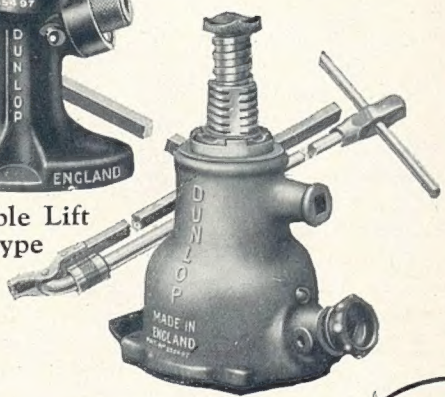

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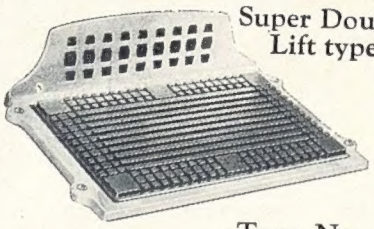

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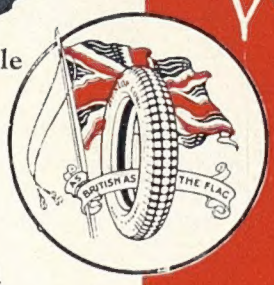

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Express Photos

Miss Peggy O'Neil as Nell Gwynne with her two lusty little black attendants. In this role she sold oranges in aid of St. Cecilia's Children's Clinic at the Ball held last week at the Hyde Park Hotel

The Passing Hour

PRINCESS MARY is now hunting again with the Bramham Moor, for it was while the pack was still cubbing that mourning curtailed both her public obligations and deprived her of the opening meets in November. Hunt balls have already made their appearance in the December diary, and for those for whom the nervous and physical strain of dancing from ten till four does not reduce to complete exhaustion the following weeks must appear as one long vista of joyous champagne suppers followed up by early eggs and bacon and beer. I trust they enjoy it, but for myself no subterfuge is too base to avoid these occasions of hearty hilarity. Even if I have any supporters in this reprehensible minority movement, it certainly will not interfere with the enjoyment of the majority or dampen the enthusiasm of all those, for instance, who will be making their way to Carlton Towers this week for the Badsworth Hunt ball. Carlton Towers belongs to Lady Beaumont, and for some years past she has lent it for this occasion, just as Mr. Budgett, the Master of the Bicester, will again hold their hunt ball at his house, Kirtlington Park. A private house—it has to be a somewhat capacious one, of course—is infinitely to be preferred to the ugly surroundings of assembly rooms and town halls.

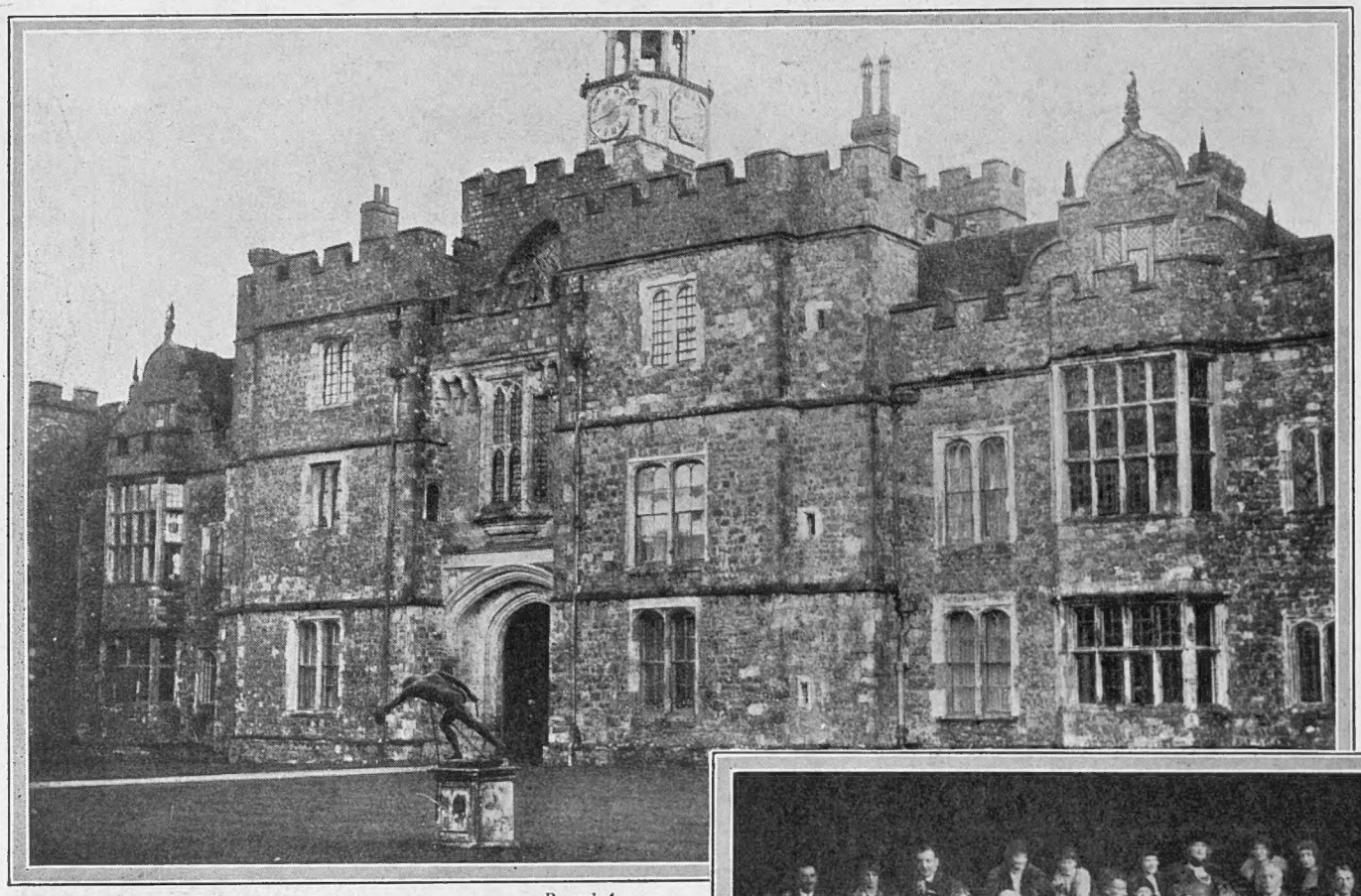
The "Joy of Life" Ball

IN Charity's cause we are staying up late o' nights just at present. Last week, amidst the illusion of a Spanish orchard, with Miss Peggy O'Neil selling oranges with the assistance of two little blackamoors, sleep was postponed at Lady FitzAlan's Orange Grove Ball in aid of St. Cecilia's Clinic at the Hyde Park Hotel. There also will take place to-morrow night, Thursday, the "Joy of Life" Ball, and, from what I heard of the arrangements, the evening ought to provide full entertainment. One of the features of the evening is a rocking horse Derby, and, to add realism to the event, the ballroom is to be so

Central Press

Lord Bledisloe, the new Governor-General of New Zealand. He was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture from 1924–1928 and has been a leading figure in agricultural circles for many years

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY



P. and A.

A corner of Knole House, at Sevenoaks, Lord Sackville's historic residence, in the private chapel of which his only daughter, the Hon. Diana Sackville-West, and Lord Romilly were married last week. Knole, which is one of the finest mansions in England, passed to the Sackvilles in the sixteenth century

decorated as to represent a racecourse. Michael Beary, Bobby Howes, and Binnie Hale have promised to act as starters, and Carnera, should time allow a sufficiently large mount to be made for him, is also to ride a horse. The Hon. Mrs. John Barran, one of the delightful Ruthven Twins (a photograph of whom we publish in this number), is going to represent, as one of the Joys of Life, "Adornment," and is to wear perhaps the finest set of diamonds in the world, valued at £200,000, with a tight-fitting black velvet dress as a background. Besides this there are many other attractions in the shape of numerous tableaux and a pageant. The Ball is being held in aid of the People's League of Health, which is trying to prevent people who, by their ignorance, are daily dying from preventible disease, and it is hoped that the charity will enjoy unbounded support.

L.N.A.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Minister of Transport, whose recent announcement in the House that London's transport may be taken under public ownership created something of a sensation.

Sight-seeing Wedding Guests

MANY of the guests who motored down to Knole for

The scene in the Banqueting Hall at Knole during the wedding reception that followe by Archbishop Bouchier, where the wedding service took place, hol

THE WEDDING AT KNOLE

the wedding of Lord Romilly and the Hon. Diana Sackville-West had not been there before, and took the opportunity of combining the occasion with some rapid sight-seeing of the pictures and furniture, of which there are some perfect examples that have been there since they were originally purchased for Knole at the time of James I and Charles I. Knole is immense; it might well be seven houses instead of one, and it is said that its seven courts represent the seven days of the week, its fifty-two staircases the weeks of the year, and there are three hundred and sixty-five rooms!

A Brilliant Reception

THOUGH Lord Romilly has no mother, father, brother, or sisters living, the little Chapel of Knole, which would only contain a few of the guests, and the reception in the house afterwards were evidence of his many friends and, obviously, of the many eminent members of the Sackville-West family, including the wife of that brilliant author, the Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson. Lady Oxford and Asquith motored down with her son—a neatly printed map of the best route to Sevenoaks from London was included with the invitations—and amidst the customary crush about the wedding cake could be seen the lovely Lady Brecknock, the Marquess of Hartington, Lady Royds, whose husband is deputising for Lord Byng during his absence from Scotland Yard, Lady Betty Butler, Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie, and Miss Frances Doble, the actress, who is to be married to Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg next Monday.

Central Press

Lord Romilly, who is the fourth Baron and succeeded to the title in 1905, and the Hon. Diana Sackville-West after their wedding in the private chapel at Knole. The latter, who was playing golf an hour or two before the ceremony, expressed great surprise at all the interest, saying she did not know what all the fuss was about

G.P.U.

...e Romilly-Sackville wedding. Although the private chapel at Knole, which was built ...ly sixty people, four hundred guests were invited to the reception

"The Best Club in the World"

THERE are perhaps few more pleasant ways of spending an evening than in the House of Commons, and if the menu of the restaurant provides sustenance without excitement, there is always the stimulation of contemplating our legislators at first hand. Some, particularly women, are rather shocked by the careless, almost studied, informality of the House. In Committee the Commons has more the appearance of a genial debating club rather than

Topical Press

Capt. E. Ramsden, the Master of the Atherstone, who has resigned. He made an attack on the Anti-Blood Sports League, whom he called simple-minded cranks

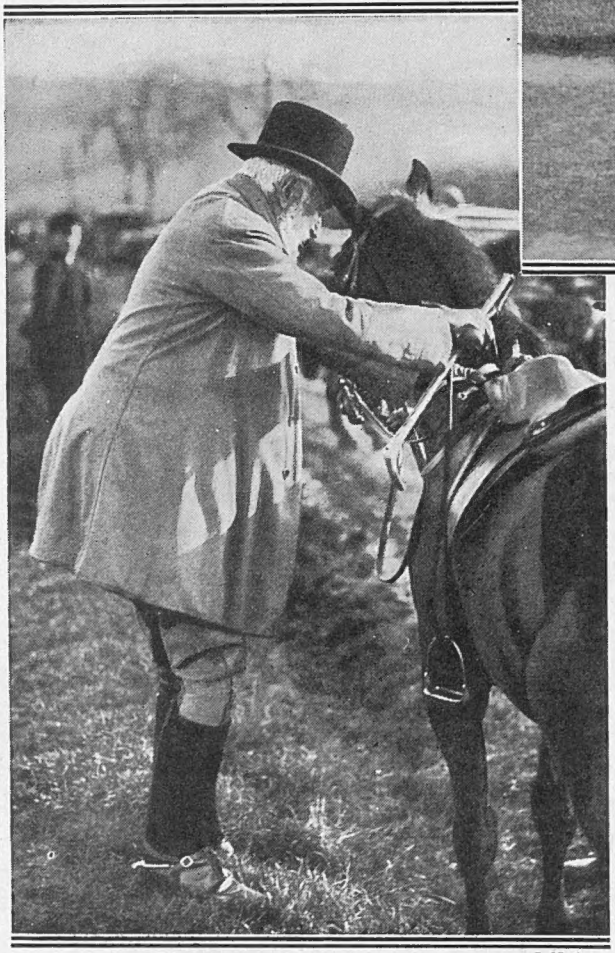
WHERE THE SUN SHINES IN THE SUB-TROPICS

The guests of Their Excellencies Sir Louis Jean and Lady Bols in the plaza of the Government House at Bermuda during a recent garden party

the majesty of Parliament. I notice that the Government Front Bench do not make use of the table before them to prop up their legs as do the Conservatives and particularly Mr.

Photographs *W. Rutherford*

His Excellency Sir Louis Jean Bols, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Governor of Bermuda, and Lady Bols, receiving guests at a garden party which they gave recently at Government House and which proved a great success



L.N.A.

Mr. Henry Finch, a veteran rider to hounds, who, although 86 years of age, still mounts unaided. He is seen at a recent meet of the Cottesmore Hounds at Whatborough Cross Roads

MONEY TALKS!—IN RACING

Some Jumpers to Follow this Winter. By "OLD ORKNEY"

Once more I advise racing enthusiasts to make a note of horses mentioned here and wager on them until they win.

In each case I confidently anticipate that they will eventually pay to follow. I have always found it easier to find winners over the sticks than on the flat by sticking to the system of backing horses that previously failed when supported in the right quarter.

Here are half a dozen more for the diary:—

FAMILY HOPE.—Mr. Stanley Wootton owns a promising hurdler in this son of Son-in-Law. He was the medium for a big commission when finishing fourth to Gallina over one and a half miles at Kempton Park.

BYRON.—A bay colt by Beppo out of Cranford, and owned by Mr. G. Reed and trained by Pulford. Has two smart performances to his credit already this season. Was heavily supported when beaten a neck by Silver Grail in the Wigston Hurdle (one and a half miles) at Leicester. Previously ran the smart Sandley to three-quarters of a length at Birmingham.

SUNCOURT.—Keep a sharp eye on this one for a two miles steeplechase. Good money was lost over him at Leicester when, after getting badly away, he failed to get a place to Priority. Previously finished third to May Crescent at Birmingham.

IRISH DOLLY.—A bay mare by Irishman out of Rossyth, was backed at 100 to 8 down to 8 to 1 to win the Broxhills Steeplechase (three miles 50 yards) at Leicester. Finished third to Toycup. The going was heavy, and she should earn winning brackets when conditions are better.

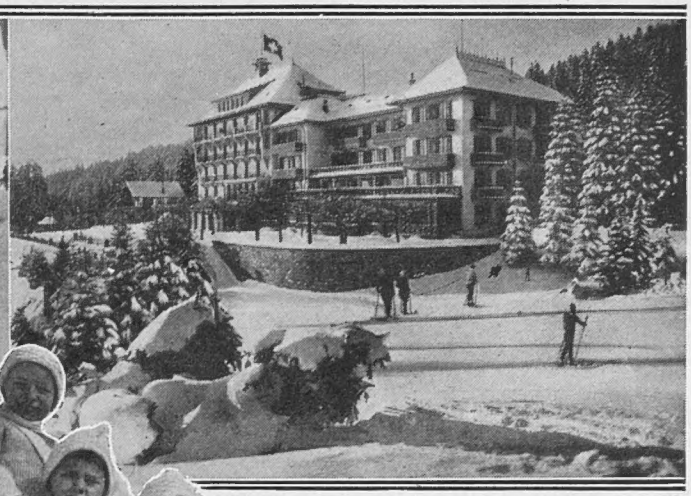
GAFADOUN.—A black gelding by Marten-Festa and trained by W. Payne. Is very fit and should early regain losses sustained at Kempton when he finished fourth to Dandy Dennis over two miles. Ran second to Spectroscope at Newbury.

SONNY BOY.—By Son-in-Law—Varsumi. Trained by his owner W. J. Rimell. A promising novice. Ran very well behind Dove's Pride at Chepstow, but finished down the track when confidently "expected" in the Staines Hurdles (two miles) at Kempton. Follow him.

WHERE THE SUN SHINES AMIDST THE SNOWS

Lottenbach

An exhibition by two clever skaters on the rink at Grindelwald



A view of the Grand Hotel, Les Rasses, a favourite holiday resort in the Jura

J. Gaherell

WINTER SPORTS

Four youthful enthusiasts at Splugen in the Grisons, near the source of the Rhine, a little-known but fascinating winter sports resort. The centre of activities at this place, which is en route from Choire to St. Moritz, is the Post Hotel, Bodenhaus

Baldwin. And until women take to trousers this privilege is one that cannot be enjoyed by them. Also women Members never use the bars in the House, and this may be one of the reasons for their inability to forget political feud when they come out into neutral ground, for while taking occasional refreshment—one of the most reassuring sights for those who fear that Prohibition may one day stretch out its corrupting hand over the last remaining vestiges of our freedom—Conservatives, Socialists, and Liberals at once cease hostilities in easy friendship.

King Michael and His Mother

I HAVE just had a letter from our witty young Paris correspondent, Miss Sylvia Lyon, concerning a photograph of the little King Michael of Roumania and his mother, Princess Helene, which we published in a recent issue. In the caption to the picture in question it was stated that the young king was placed on the throne owing to the manœuvring of his mother, and Miss Lyon, who has met the Princess, protests that the latter is the last person in the world to do any "manœuvring." I need hardly say that the caption in question, with which, of course, my correspondent had nothing whatever to do, was not meant in any derogatory sense, but as the dictionary defines the word as meaning "to manage with skill," and also "to employ stratagem." Although the sentence was not written unkindly, it is possible, perhaps, to put a certain mildly sinister construction on it.

What Was Meant

LET me, then, take this opportunity to say that no such visions of sinister political intrigues and dark plottings as are found in the novels of William Le Queux and other writers of sensational fiction were present in the mind of the writer of that caption. The dark schemings that take place behind locked doors and the Machiavellian plottings of those in high places may provide useful material for the author who wishes to tickle the palate of a certain type of readers, but it holds very little relation to fact. What was meant to be inferred was merely that, despite domestic trials and tribulations, Princess Hélène was mindful of her duty both as a mother and a patriot, and setting herself to the task of guarding the synonymous interests of both, managed it with skill—hence the use of the word "manœuvre." The unintentional ambiguity of the phrase is alone the cause of the distress on the part of our correspondent, a distress which I sincerely hope has now been eradicated by the foregoing explanation.

L.N.A.

MR. KELLOGG GOES HOME

Mr. Frank Kellogg, the former United States Secretary of State, photographed on board the Leviathan. He was the guest of honour at the recent Pilgrims Dinner in London

He Stoops to Conquer

AN attack which will certainly flutter —but not flatter—the Oxford dovecots has been made by Adrian Stoop on the "demoralising life" of that University, and he rubs salt into the wound he has inflicted by adding that a different atmosphere prevails at Cambridge.

AN ATTACK ON THE BLUES

Alfieri

A scene at Newmarket during the December Bloodstock Sales. Although there were few buyers on the opening day and business was slack, the better class lots which followed later resulted in much brisker bidding

Alfieri

Lord Glanely, who is very keen on racing and lives at Exning House, near Newmarket, at the Winter Bloodstock Sales

The old Oxford-England player taking Rugger as his text points out that there are only seven Englishmen in this year's fifteen, and that, though the Freshmen's trial matches were promising, the seniors put up but a poor show. This, I take it, is used as an argument that the longer the undergraduate is at Oxford the more demoralised he becomes! He also states that 50 per cent. of college matches are scratched, which is a further sign of demoralisation.

Rhodes Scholars and Oxford

THERE are many who will agree with Mr. Stoop in his suggestion that all has not been well with Oxford for some years, but I believe that the cause may be a matter of dispute. There are some who say that the real reason for English Oxford undergraduates' slackness is unfair competition from Rhodes Scholars. These scholars are older than the English variety when they arrive at Oxford, and they are often chosen for their athletic prowess—indeed, they may possess an international cap before getting their Blue! It is only natural, therefore, that the selectors' eyes are on them and that they "walk into" a University Rugger side.

The English Oxford Fresher, it is admitted, shows enthusiasm, but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," so it is hardly to be wondered at that when he becomes a senior he realises that, in an attempt to play for his Varsity, the dice are loaded in favour of the Rhodes Scholars—and slackness supervenes. At the same time, Adrian Stoop's attack upon his Alma Mater is likely to cause a lively discussion in University and Rugby circles.

Photopress

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vyse decorating a pottery group in their studio in Chelsea. Experts in glaze colour and firing, their recent annual exhibition, which was held at Walker's Galleries, was a great success, nearly all their beautiful exhibits being sold

OUT WITH HOUND AND GUN

L.N.A.

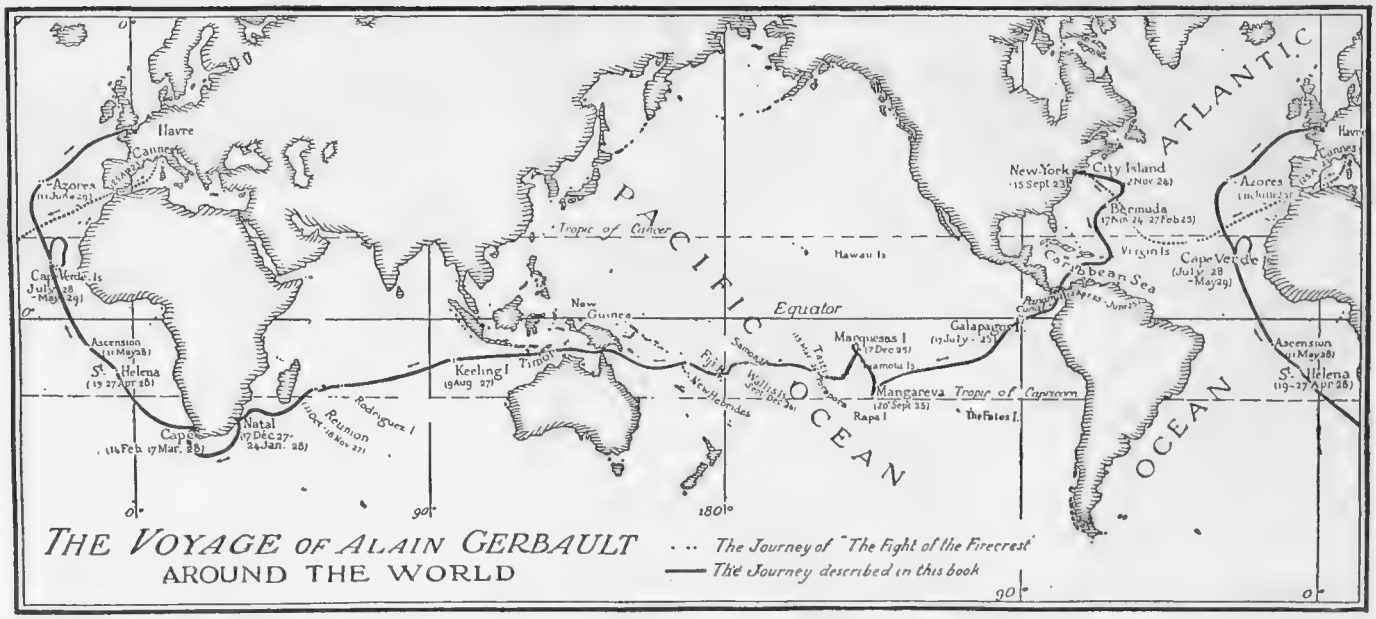
Some of the members of the shooting party given by the Earl of Dysart at his Rutlandshire seat, Buckminster Hall, photographed during the shoot. The group includes the Earl's cousins, the Misses Louisa and Laura Hack, the Hon. James Howard, Mr. Henry Tollemache, Colonel the Hon D. Tollemache, Captain Higgins, Major Haley and Major Winstanley

Keystone

A meet of the Beaufort at Westonbirt Girls' School, at Tetbury, which is the only girls' school in England where the pupils are allowed to keep hunters and where they hunt regularly. One of the girls is seen making friends with the Duchess of Beaufort's hunter

Keystone

The Duke of Beaufort enjoying a stirrup-cup at a meet of his hounds. It was held at Westonbirt Girls' School, at Tetbury, a school where the pupils are keen horsewomen



The map of the route taken by Alain Gerbault on his voyage

ALAIN GERBAULT'S WONDERFUL VOYAGE

ALAIN GERBAULT has achieved in his voyage round the world in his little cockle-shell, the Firecrest, a feat before which the immortal voyages of the Argonauts or Ulysses pale into insignificance. The Firecrest is an English-built boat, but had seen a good deal of service before the intrepid young Frenchman, famed before as a lawn tennis player, sailed her first across to America and then set out on his astonishing voyage, single-handed, mark you! from New York to Havre, via the Panama Canal, the Pacific Archipelago, New Guinea, Reunion Island, the Cape of Good Hope, St. Helena, Ascension Island, Cape Verde Islands, Azores, and thus to bed. To sail a 30ft. yacht without any crew would be tempting Providence at the best of times. To sail over the vast oceans was—well, heroic. Yet he did it!

S

How he did it is graphically set out in his book, *The Quest of the Sun* (Hodder and Stoughton, price 20s.), which everyone who loves the sea and travel should emphatically not miss. No shocker could provide half so many thrills, for you are carried along with him in his many breathless escapes. Take, for instance, his hairbreadth escape on the way to Bermuda. A howling gale, great seas sweeping the deck, and Gerbault lashes the tiller whilst he goes below to re-light his red port light. He takes his time, for he has not sighted a ship for forty-eight hours. He prepares a meal. The lamp is filled and being lighted when sudenly the Firecrest reels under a terrific blow. The author rushes on deck, and through the blackness he sees the innumerable lights of a steamer fast receding. By sheer providence the great ship had only destroyed his bowsprit, twisted the bronze bobstay, and wrenched it up, leaving a great hole. . . . Another yard

Alain Gerbault, the famous lawn tennis player, whose four and a half years' single-handed voyage in his yacht Firecrest, covering over 40,000 sea miles, makes the feats of the hero Ulysses seem almost commonplace

further and Gerbault would not have been alive to tell the tale, for it was a thousand to one his cries would not have been heard in those roaring seas and howling wind. Even then, as every yachtsman will realise, he stood in great danger of losing his mainmast.

S

ANOTHER episode. He is at Uvea, Wallis Island, south of Samoa and the Fiji group. He is drifting on to a reef in a big swell, and suddenly sees his mainsail had rent. With the utmost difficulty he tacked out to sea, then let go the sail with a run, snatched up his needle and twine to patch it up. When he got through the Honikolu passage, very difficult to negotiate on account of the strength of the current, he lost his anchor, and, later on, in the big swell, with a borrowed anchor, the Firecrest drifted on to a reef. At every wave she rose and dropped on the coral with an angry cracking noise. Gerbault looked on at her dying agonies as he thought, but as he swam to the shore, to his astonishment she righted herself and followed him. Her lead keel, weighing four tons, had been stripped off. She was saved, but it took him months to repair the damage.

S

IT is interesting, too, to find a Frenchman praising British colonies and criticising those of France. He attributes the consumption which is carrying off the Polynesians to the civilisation which compels them to live in deal huts with corrugated iron roofs instead of the airy huts of palm leaves. The Firecrest is now moored in Paris at the Pont Alexandre III, with an honorary escort of a gunboat, or was until recently. His popularity with the masses is astonishing, for, hermit-like, he has been intolerant with the mob, intolerant with the Government. The Polynesians have offered him an uninhabited island for keeps, where he can go about in the state of nature he prefers. "I shall go there and install a population of my choice," he has said. "Europeans? Natives? And then? . . ." Fixing all European civilisation with his piercing eyes, he adds, "Then I shall never come back."

Strange he may be; but his feat was prodigious, and little wonder France is proud of her son.

BY DAVID WILSON

ON THE DOLE!

(The birth rate figures, just published, are the lowest on record)

AT THE PLAY

OLD ENGLISH COMEDY

LET me start with a personal note. When I visited the Kingsway Theatre to see *The School for Scandal* I was as tired as tired could be, for reasons not unconnected with insomnia. I left the theatre thoroughly refreshed, the reason being that I had enjoyed every moment of this revival, for the old comedy is one of the best entertainments now to be seen in London—a proof that *The School for Scandal* as played at the Kingsway is a first-rate pick-me-up.

I MUST confess that I was not present at the first performance of this play, but I have seen many revivals—I hesitate at guessing the exact number—but never have I seen a better one than this. Frank Cellier, the producer, has treated Sheridan's play not as some musty, dusty classic fettered by all sorts of traditions, but as a very lively eighteenth-century affair which is kept lively throughout.

I BELIEVE only a small sum has been spent on scenery and dresses, but both are entirely adequate. Too sumptuous a setting is always a mistake, because it either distracts from the acting or, contrariwise, the acting distracts from it! What is the use of a big sum being spent on decorations if audiences merely give them a passing glance! What *has* been expended lavishly in this revival is not money, but thought.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE
Angela Baddeley, one of the younger school, plays the old part of Lady Teazle to the manner born

Charles Surface (Henry Hewitt), extracting a loan from the corporation, while Moses (Richard

ONE of the traditions which has grown round this play is that Sir Peter Teazle should be acted as a decrepit, crotchety old gentleman hobbling about with the aid of a stick, who had one foot in the grave before using the other to jump into matrimony with a young wife. Another tradition is that Joseph's hypocrisy should be so stressed that his friends could not possibly believe in him for one moment. In this revival both these traditions have been discarded with advantage to the play. Sir Peter is no more than middle-aged, and Joseph, in appearance and manner, fails to "give the show away" to his friends.

THEN again, in some revivals which I have seen the minuet danced at the end of the first act has been made to appear as—to use the music-hall vernacular—an extra turn. At the

REDIVIVUS

By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "The School for Scandal," at the Kingsway Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

Sir Oliver Surface (Edgar K. Bruce), obviously one of Goolden), looks on approvingly

Kingsway the dance seems to be part and parcel of the action with those taking part in it, dancing just because they enjoy doing so, while chatter and chaff are discreetly suggested during the progress of the measure. In fact, throughout the whole of the play the production is on a very high plane, and the sweep of the action is not forgotten in the invention of clever detail, such as when Moses picks up a fruit knife from Charles's table and examines it to see if it is silver!

AND how well Sheridan's play wears! It is only the occasionally abominably caddish behaviour of Charles Surface and Lady Teazle that dates it, but in other respects it is absolutely up to date; as when Charles Surface begs Moses to send "a genteel conveyance" for his goods and chattels, which is surely an anticipation of "the plain van" beloved by customers of Mr. Drage!

EVEN for those playgoers who know *The School for Scandal* by heart familiarity does not breed contempt, for the wit is as pointed and enjoyable as ever, while the scenes still grip, thanks also to the acting of a cast which is the more interesting from the fact that it was not chosen because the actors and actresses were "made" to fill the parts.

WHERE so charming a picture as a whole is presented it is difficult to single out without unfairness individual performances, but that of Frank Cellier, like an old and dry wine of delightful flavour, as Sir Peter; the very girlish and captivating Lady Teazle of Angela Baddeley, and the rich and fruity Sir Oliver of Edgar K. Bruce (a substantial rather than a little Premium) must be mentioned.

I LIKED also the Lady Sneerwell of Grizelda Hervey; the quiet method of Ian Fleming as Joseph; the nutcracker methods of Stanley Lathbury as Crabtree, and, indubitably, the playing of Sir Harry Bumper by Hayden Coffin, whose song, "Here's to the Maiden," showed he still sings like an artist.

Mrs. Candour (May Mayfren), an old warhorse in the battle of wits, palpably smells powder

SIMON ORD is evidently a manager whose future—like his past and present—work at the Kingsway is well worth watching. V. W.

The famous screen scene goes as well as ever. Behind the hat is, of course, Lady Teazle (Angela Baddeley), cleverly discovered by Sir Peter Teazle (Frank Cellier). The screen is left to the imagination

Meehan and Smart

THE HON. MRS. JOHN BARRAN

Who is one of the famous Ruthven Twins, as she will appear at the "Joy of Life" Ball at Covent Garden to-morrow, December 12. She is wearing in her rôle of "Adornment" over £200,000's worth of white diamonds, loaned by Cartiers, of Bond Street, as representing one of the principal joys of life. The ball has been arranged by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke in aid of the People's League of Health

DRAMA IN THE AUDITORIUM

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

"Looked all through the house in search of some wanted man"

WHEN seated in a theatre, the other night, watching a kindly backer who had put up a few hundred pounds to finance his friend, whose farce was dying a death on its feet, I almost longed for something dramatic to happen.

Now and then, in the theatre, you come across the most amazing drama that has nothing to do with the play, but which makes it a real comedy or a real tragedy.

I REMEMBER the moving end of *Ned Kean*, one night at Drury Lane. I had called in to see a play which, a success on tour, was pleasing all the people who saw it at Drury Lane, but which was attracting very small houses. It told the story of Edward Kean's struggle and ultimate triumph at Drury Lane, and showed Mrs. Garrick giving Kean a medal belonging to her husband. H. A. Saintsbury was a splendid Kean and Haidee Wright gave, as Mrs. Garrick, one of those moving impersonations for which she is famous on two continents.

But the play was a failure. The last night had come. I had gone, to cry, like all the rest. Then, when the curtain fell, there arose in the stalls a man, whose face I knew, who said he would save the play and that he would find the money for it to go on. He was a wealthy whisky distiller called Greenlees, a kindly soul who loved *Ned Kean* and wanted to see it again.

The audience cheered, the company cried, and the play ran on for several weeks, bravely but still a failure.

THE most dramatic night that I remember was when Harry Lauder returned to *Three Cheers* after the death of his son, clenching his teeth and clad in soldier's khaki, singing the words:

"When we all gather round the old fireside,
And the old mother kisses her son,
All the lassies will be kissing all the laddies—
The laddies who fought and won."

Only those who know Lauder realise the strain that he endured that night.

THEN there was, of course, the famous occasion when they threw pennies on the stage at the Globe, when Gaby Deslys was acting in a musical comedy. Some enemy organised a disturbance. The management had got news that something would happen, and so were half prepared. There were a dozen police inside the house, and an inspector, who soon dealt with the interrupters.

Harry Pilcer, who was in the cast, came on the stage, directly the disturbance was over, and said, in the course of his part, "It has taken me a long time to get here, but now I've come I'm going to stop."

The cheers that followed saved the night.

ALAS! the night was not saved when Laurette Taylor appeared in *One Night in Rome* at the Garrick, and they threw pennies. Indeed, the performance was stopped and David Belasco, who was in the house, went round behind and, kneeling at Laurette Taylor's side, calmed her and said, "Be a good soldier."

THEN, one night, when *The Bird of Paradise* was being played at the Lyric, a man burst his way into the gallery hunted by the police. He had stabbed somebody in Soho, round the back, and had sought safety where there was a crowd and it was nice and dark.

He rushed up the gallery stairs and hid amongst the audience. Unfortunately for him, some woman recognised him when the police arrived. There was a tremendous struggle, much more exciting than any part of the play. Somebody shouted "Fire!"; there was an uproar, and the audience began to go out. Then the man was taken off to gaol and the play went on.

ON the first night of *The Clock Goes Round* Joe Coyne took a lighted candle on the stage and then, when clad in pierrot's costume, walked backwards right into it and set himself alight. Although his ruff was burning, he tore it off in a flash and went on with his part.

George Robey faced an even worse predicament during the War when, on the first night of a new revue at the Alhambra, he had just walked off the stage when the news went all round the theatre that an air raid was in progress outside. He returned to the stage. Over me, I could hear people leaving the gallery, making a dreadful noise. Robey shouted "Shurr-up" in such a commanding way that the people all returned to their seats and the show went on.

THE Old Vic company played Shakespeare in similar circumstances on several nights during the War. Even on the night when Waterloo Station was bombed, a few yards away, they went on with *Macbeth*, shouting the words louder so that they could be heard in the uproar. I have heard Verdi being sung at Drury Lane while half the audience took shelter in the corridor.

When Fred Terry was playing *The Scarlet Pimpernel* at the Strand one night the bombs fell a few yards away. Injured people rushed into the theatre. A callboy from the Gaiety was carried in dreadfully injured.

More than once I have been in the theatre when detectives have arrived

THE ARMY IN THE AUDITORIUM

"Began to undress himself in the dress circle"

and looked all through the house in search of some wanted man.

Indeed, during a first night not many weeks ago I was in a theatre when a member of the Flying Squad was present.

"Good heavens, they're all here to-night," he said, looking round.

He had never seen, all together at once, he said, so many men whose faces he knew.

THEN, one night, I went into the Duke of York's when Robert Loraine was giving his wonderful performance in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. During the battle scene, a man in khaki stood up and said, "You don't call that war."

"Will you sit down, sir?" said Loraine.

"No, I won't. It's nothing like war. Me and my mate knows. We've just come from there."

Again, one night, I was at the Victoria Palace when Datas was doing his turn, answering all sorts of questions from the audience. Standing at the side was a sergeant in mud-stained khaki. When he heard someone ask, "What was the date the first submarine went down?" and heard Datas reply with the reputed year in which Jonah entered the belly of a whale, the soldier began to shout, "When will the Contemptible Little Army get leave?"

Datas sidestepped and gave a long list of all the horses that won the Derby, the date of the Great Fire of London, 1666, and the Battle of Waterloo.

"When will the Contemptible Little Army get its leave?" went on the sergeant, time after time.

No one could throw him out. He was a hero.

ON the last night of *Fallen Angels*, Mrs. Hornibrook, who was a member of the London Council of Public Morality, started a speech from a box protesting against the alleged immoral tendency of the play. She was asked to leave—which she did. But she finished her speech.

AT the end of *Escape*, on the first night, an Irishwoman yelled from the back that it was a "defence of murder" and that her father had been murdered by the Sinn Feiners in Ireland. Noel Coward had to calm her.

AT the Coronet Theatre, one night, when *Justice*, another Galsworthy play, was being done and the convict, doing solitary confinement, was pacing up and down his cell, a Suffragette chained herself to the seat and yelled, "Women want justice, too!"

Suffragettes behaved like that, too, during *The Melting Pot* at the Queen's one night. It seemed a strange place to choose, because Zangwill, the author, had always championed the women's cause.

One night at the Palace, during Armistice Week, a drunken man insisted on conducting the orchestra. He was allowed to do so, for the sake of peace. He went away quite satisfied, after waving the baton for a moment or two.

BOAT Race nights, of course, were a scandal for years, and so were Rugby nights, but, after a disgraceful scene in the Prince of Wales's, where undergraduates yelled indecent words to the tune of "Colonel Bogey," the dons at the universities made a protest, which has had some effect.

I have seen pennies thrown at artists on nights like that. They might have lost their sight for all the undergraduates knew. It was supposed to be funny, but it was merely stupid.

On the last night of *The Gipsy Princess*, a man bought up all the chocolates in the house and threw them on the stage.

IN Australia on last nights, although they do not throw things, they often hand up to the artists bottles of whisky, hams, pounds of sausages, and shout, "Eat those on the way home to England."

Australians, however, are not always so polite. Little Tich had a very bad time during his last visit. Other artists have returned broken-hearted. Often, they leave it too late before they go to the Dominions.

During *Peg o' My Heart*, one night, an Australian soldier began to undress himself in the dress circle—the undress circle, perhaps, it should have been called. He was quite calm. He merely said that he felt hot. He went out quietly.

I have seen a woman take a monkey to the theatre. This was when they were acting *The Monkey Talks*. Children have been born in the gallery. Fortunately, deaths are rare.

YES, you get all kinds of drama in the auditorium, just as you get it on the stage. Fortunately, people seldom do the worst thing of all—that is, ask for their money back. I have known a man offer the management ten shillings to stop it and pull the curtain down.

Still, these interruptions are sometimes better than the plays . . .

"Insisted on conducting the orchestra"

THE NEW INVASION OF AMERICA

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Special Portrait by Howard Coster

C. B. COCHRAN

Britain's greatest showman, is sailing next week for the States, where he is invading the American theatrical market in staging no fewer than four British productions—at one time. Whoopee!

if gossip we

QUICK STEPS AND HOT FEET

The Eight Grafton Girls who are supporting that clever little comedienne and dancer, Sunny Jarman, who is making her debut on the British variety stage this week at the Coliseum. A feature of their performance is "Hot Steps," a new and very quick jazz dance which has not been seen over here before

Mrs. Peter Baxendale, the clever portrait artist, whose work is well known to "Bystander" readers. She is seen in the costume she will wear at the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve

WHAT, I wonder, would the Government say if it knew that at a large gathering in the Strand the other night British admirals, ship's captains, literary men, business men, engineers and other extremely sound and sensible people stood to attention and sang, or listened to, the Tsarist Russian National Anthem? This I can see being interpreted by the Government's official organ as an insult to what they call "a great and friendly people." At the risk of the vengeance of the O.G.P.U., and the wrath of the young Socialist scribes, I will say that the Russian people, under its present foul tyranny, is not allowed to be friendly and is certainly not great; and that the old Russian Anthem is a superb tune musically, and that both the "Red Flag," sung with such unction by the British Prime Minister, and the "Internationale," are only tripe from any and every point of view.

S

THE occasion in question was a dinner of the Seven Seas Club, the vast majority of the members of which are, or have been, officers in

By Wilson Fenning

"That's my grandfather over there"
"Is he on your mother's or your father's side?"
"Oh, he sticks up for both!"

must

the Royal Navy or the Royal Naval Reserve. Here indeed is the freemasonry of the sea. No one has any frills on and a full admiral will take a glass of wine, and often a glass of beer, with the skipper of a trawler. Dress clothes are taboo and the fare is ample, but simple. Then come the sea-songs and chanties, roared out by, in many cases, those who have served their apprenticeship in sail, and know what it means to struggle round the Horn in a "windjammer."

AMONG the guests were the Bayan Singers, all White Russians, and two of them one-time officers in the navy of the murdered Tsar. These men speak Russian and a little French only. Yet, as a compliment to their hosts, they had learned, parrot fashion, an English song. Captain Serge Tupin, who had commanded an Imperial cruiser and has a Chaliapinesque voice, told me that if they had sung in Russia to-day any of the songs they had just given us they would have been executed without trial. Hundreds of naval officers were tortured to death by the pleasant "comrydes" with whom the Government is anxious to shake hands.

ASK the average Englishman why the Americans celebrate Thanksgiving Day and what precisely they are giving thanks for and he will not be able to tell you. It has something to do with the Pilgrim Fathers' gratitude for their first successful harvest. America does not on this day of turkeys and pumpkin pie give thanks for being separated from England; if that were so, England might be disposed to share the day with her and offer up thanks on her own account for a similar reason. As it is, Americans and English can eat turkey and pumpkins in perfect amity, for we do not (let us be frank) keep awake o' nights worrying about the Pilgrim Fathers or their harvest, and there is no bone of contention here. The American Society in London are generous and genial hosts, and I enjoyed their dinner at the Savoy immensely. I would have enjoyed it still more had I been able to hear the Japanese Ambassador singing "Swanee River" as a solo instead of in the chorus, in which he joined.

GENERAL CHARLES GATES DAWES did some genial "spell-binding"—as an Ambassador he is not remarkable for dignity, but he is obviously "a fine and dandy guy, a regl'ar feller"—and the Dean of St. Paul's looked, on this occasion, as grim as a Chicago gunman. But Dr. Inge is neither so grim nor so young as he looks.

And, by the way, how extraordinarily beautiful Amercian girls are! Not even strenuous dancing (for speeches soon gave way to "jazz") immediately after sweet potatoes, sole Lafayette, pumpkin pie served with cheese, and other comestibles likely to send up the sale of *sod. bicarb.* with a rush, could dim the soft clearness of their complexions or the brightness of their eyes. They are intensely *alive*, these damsels from the States.

WHEN various members of the respected Wills family depart to realms where, presumably, tobacco is not part of the bliss, and exchange gold flakes for the golden gates, they invariably leave huge sums of money behind them. The Wills' wills are, in fact, things to wonder at and to envy. Similarly, the late Mr. Bernhard Baron, another tobacco magnate, after a lifetime of lavish charity, left an immense fortune. Now Carreras announce a record net profit for the year of £1,285,154—a tidy little sum on which they are heartily to be congratulated. These worthy folk sell first-rate goods for which there is a first-rate demand, and so, not unnaturally, the millions roll in. But before the War

Winifred Lawson as Princess Ida and Derek Oldham as Hilarion in "Princess Ida" at the Savoy. The Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Season has proved as big a success as ever this year—and more than that it would be impossible to say!

Miss Mary Taylor, who is playing in "Dear Love," as an Eastern dancer. She will wear this dress at the Chelsea Arts Club's Annual Fancy Dress Ball at the Albert Hall on December 31

GILBERT, GORE AND WEAK WOMEN

I paid 4½d. an ounce for the pipe tobacco which is now priced at 1s. 1d., and three shillings a hundred for the humble cigarettes which are now 5s. 10d. I am told that the explanation is that the margin of profit, despite its vastness in the aggregate, is so small on the ounce of tobacco or the hundred cigarettes that the reduction of the price by even a halfpenny would mean a loss. O happy pre-War days of fourpenny tobacco now vanished for ever—in smoke!

By Norman Kay

"Why so sad, darling?"

"That little rabbit I was going to sue for breach of promise now wants to marry me!"

THE new Savoy Theatre being "all glorious within," like the king's daughter, it is fitting that a princess should disport herself there, and in this respect the revival of *Princess Ida* is timely. But out of date in the extreme are Gilbert's elaborate references to women who would faint at the sight of bloodshed (the War proved the nonsense of that, and so even did Florence Nightingale), and also his treatment of sex-antagonism. Sullivan, however, has done his work well, and the score is delicious. On the first night I saw, for the first time in my life, a man in evening dress on the stage during this Tennysonian mediævalism. The rise of the curtain had taken him by surprise, and he stood there for a moment blinking stupidly. Then he realised his position and fled like a stung monkey.

VIOLET LORAINE, who is intensely musical and plays the piano well, was among the audience for this revival, and so was Hugh Walpole, whose musical interests are usually confined to Wagnerian opera. Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder of London, was creating records by the regularity of his attendance. Later I adjourned to the Savoy Grill Room to have a snack (not a smack) and to share kidneys and bacon with Seymour Hicks. All of which sentence reminds me that I find myself in disagreement with a revered colleague, who declares that revue was first introduced to this country by George Grossmith from Paris. That is not so. The first revue ever seen in London was written by Seymour Hicks and Charles Brookfield, and produced at the Court Theatre in the early 'nineties, and was called *Under the Clock*.

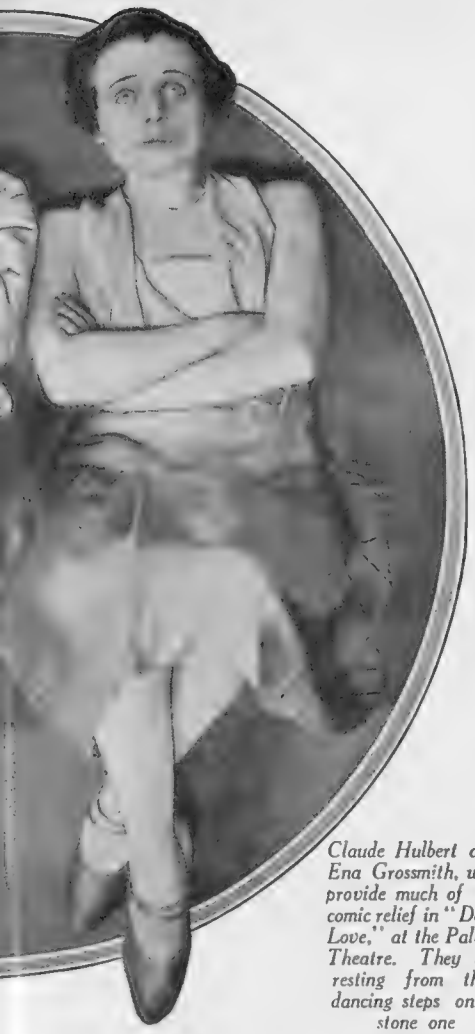
IN our last number we gave particulars of certain leading restaurants which were making special arrangements for Christmas time. I don't know that there is very much to add, but many of our readers who are members of the Embassy Club will bear in mind that it closes down during Christmas week, as in past years, and reopens on Monday, December 30. Kettner's Restaurant, 29, Church Street, W.1, is giving a special dinner on Boxing Day at 12s. 6d. per

By Hendy

"The man who marries my daughter will win a prize"

"By jove, sir, that's awfully sporting of you!"

CHRISTMAS ACTIVITIES IN THE WEST END



Claude Hulbert and Ena Grossmith, who provide much of the comic relief in "Dear Love," at the Palace Theatre. They are resting from their dancing steps on a stone one

THE PREMIER'S SONG

(With apologies to the Captain of the "Pinafore.")

The Clydesiders who recently occasioned considerable ill-feeling among the Right Wing in the Labour Party were openly defiant at the suggestion that they would be expelled from the party and treated the Prime Minister with scanty respect.

WHEN I took office I meant to show
The Labour Party just the way to go;
I spoke them softly, but I never meant
That they should think they might be disobedient;
But now I much regret to say it seems to me
I'll never be the ruler of the I.L.P.

I said, "At the start, I really think
That the colour for us all is the softest pink,"
But Maxton snorted in his scorn and said
"We'll stand for nothing quieter than a flaming red!"
And those Ginger Group Glaswegians are so
fierce and free
I'll never be the ruler of the I.L.P.

Of rhetoric fierce they have got such a grip
That I dare not sever the partnership,
Although it is a ship which I greatly fear
The Left Wing malcontents will never let me
steer;
And despite my best endeavours it is plain to see
I'll never be the ruler of the I.L.P.

Now voters all, whoever you may be,
If your Ramsay Mac you really want to see
With a soul unfettered by these men so bad
Ship all my Clydeside comrades off to Petrograd.
And when the whole collection is upon the sea,
Why, then I may be ruler of the I.L.P.

B. W.

ANOTHER restaurant which has been opened in London, although it has made no special preparations for Christmas, is Bellometti's, at 27, Soho Square. I dropped in to luncheon there the other day, and I was surprised to find the numbers of people who turned up, only to learn that there was not a table to be had. The cuisine and attendance for a luncheon costing 5s. 6d. are of the highest, and at dinner the restaurant is also full. Another recent restaurant, Chez Quaglino, is going very strong, and a privilege offered to guests for theatre dinners is that a table is reserved if they care to return afterwards without any necessity to order supper or anything other than they choose. Bobby Howes is billed privately to act as compère at the Kit-Cat at the New Year's Eve festivities. As Bobby is the nearest approach to Puck that I know, things should go some!

head, and Kettner's to-day is recognised as one of the particular restaurants belonging to the gourmet because of its high standard of cuisine. On New Year's Eve they are giving a special carnival night, dinner or supper and dancing, and an extension until 2 a.m. —25s. per head with gifts for all the ladies.

Dorothy Wilding

NOW FOR VARIETY!

Tallulah Bankhead, the idol of the gallery, has now temporarily deserted the legitimate stage for the halls. She has been appearing at the Palladium in a sketch by Edwin Burke entitled "The Snob"

Sasha

DEREK OLDHAM

Whose singing and acting have proved one of the most attractive features of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Season at the Savoy Theatre. He is here seen as the dashing nautical hero of "H.M.S. Pinafore," one of the jolliest of the operas

PARIS GOSSIP

MIDINETTES AND MOLYNEUX

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by KIPPA

"The boys showing off how they had learnt to dance in twenty lessons"

CLEMENCEAU loved France, but he cheated the people. He cheated the people out of a great, big, grand funeral. He was an atheist and let everybody know it. This thing called rumour says that a priest stood behind the half-open door of the dying man's room and gave him extreme unction without the Tiger knowing it.

PEOPLE who are otherwise intelligent claim that this was impossible as he was never baptised, but maybe the nun who was his nurse for so long baptised him when he wasn't looking. So they all shake their heads and sigh that poor Clemenceau has gone to Limbo, for they really believe that the man who at the age of seventy-five crawled through the mud of front-line trenches will not be allowed to enter Heaven.

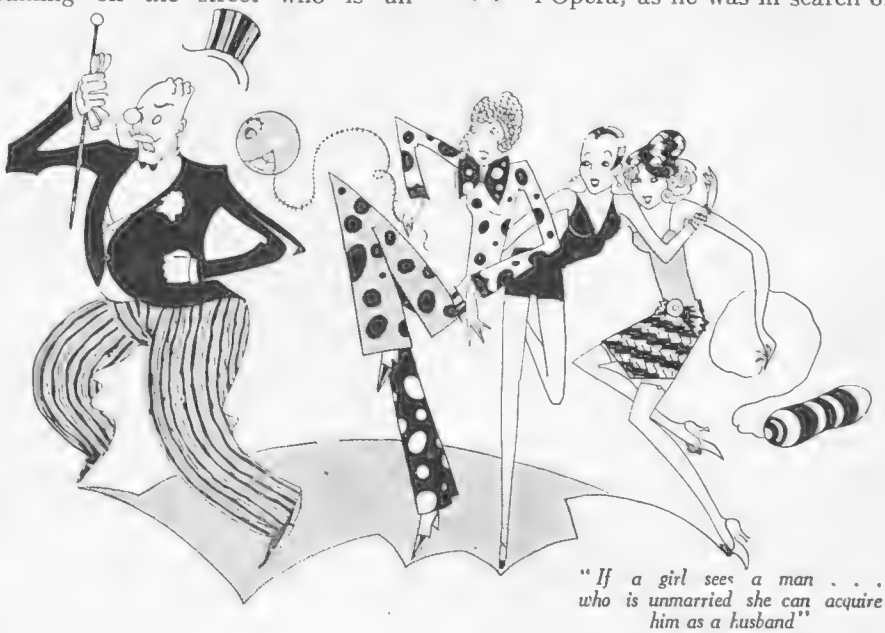
DURING his last illness Clemenceau's ironic humour never failed him, and he played a joke on the religieuse to whom he was devoted, as she had nursed his wife. One morning, upon awakening, he told the nun that he had had a frightful dream, and was still upset from it. "I dreamed," he said, "that I died and went to Heaven, but St. Peter would not let me in because I had never been baptised. I felt very badly about this, so St. Peter said I had better find a priest to baptise me." He sighed profoundly, and the nun expected that the patient was about to be converted. "But, finally, I returned to St. Peter," Clemenceau continued, "and said I had looked all over Heaven and could not find one priest."

THE hour that Clemenceau was being buried near his little house in the Vendée, while, in Paris, guns at the Invalides saluted, something very Parisian was being celebrated in Paris. At twelve o'clock thousands of midinettes escaped from the sewing rooms of the big dressmakers and paraded the streets in fancy dress costumes. This was St. Catherine's Day, observed picturesquely by all girls finding themselves twenty-five years old and without a husband. Special masses were said in several churches, but this year Monsieur Chiappe, the Prefect of Police, forbade a formal parade, no doubt to protect the men. For the custom is that if a girl sees a man walking on the street who is unmarried, she can acquire him as a husband.

USUALLY the couturiers give parties for their employees, but this year several dressmakers used Clemenceau's funeral as an excuse to call off their parties, which I thought not only unkind but foolish. This Parisian custom is a wise one; it keeps girls who work for one hundred francs a week contented while they sew on four thousand-franc dresses.

ON St. Catherine's Day I had left Phillippe's, where I had been lunching with a boy-friend, and we went for a walk, as I thought a walk might give him back his colour, after paying the bill, which was too terrible. We walked along the Rue de la Paix. This sweetest and shortest and most Parisian of streets (come on, all you Montparnassians and I'll say it to your faces) was filled with Catherinettes, and my friend grew alarmed as he was afraid he might be grabbed for a husband.

WE turned into the Avenue de l'Opera, as he was in search of



"If a girl sees a man . . . who is unmarried she can acquire him as a husband"

A PASSING GLANCE AT PARIS PLAYS

an English translation of a risky French book, as it is a bother to look up some words in French. But there were more hilarious costumed midinettes in this street, too, some disguised as men. A strange-looking individual was walking towards us, and my friend said, "I wonder what that's supposed to be?" "Oh, that's just a Frenchman," I explained.

LATER in the afternoon for a few minutes I went to the party Captain Molyneux was giving for his staff. He had taken all the big salons of the Hotel Continental, and all the employees were having the grandest time hopping around with each other, the sewing girls with the boys who wrap up the boxes, most of the boys showing off how they had learned to dance in twenty lessons. There were two bands and much champagne, and the boss danced with as many midinettes and vendeuses and mannequins as possible so as not to play favourites.

THE Serts have just returned from Germany, and with them they brought a yellow dachshund as a present for Alfred Savoir. Savoir already had a black dachshund, who was spending the week-end at the vet's. As Savoir lives in an hotel, and as his new dog was very young, he thought he would leave it for a few weeks at the vet's also. Two days after the arrival of the new dog he took his young son, to whom the yellow dachshund was to be a surprise, to see the animals. Savoir discovered that the black one had died the night before. He didn't want to let his boy know this, so when the child saw the new one he asked, "But, Papa, why is he yellow now?" So Savoir promptly rose to the occasion and said, "He was so ill that he turned yellow." The child still thinks it's the original dog. "A bad case of jaundice, no doubt," I suggested. I haven't laughed so much since I read in an American paper that "You can't eat your coke and have it."

THE present output of plays is pretty bad, so I am rather discouraged and have started to see the good ones all over again. The other day I saw the French version of *The Letter*, which is playing to packed houses. This time I noticed that Nicholson, the murdered man, is called "de Nicholson," so, I suppose, the audience will think he was a gentleman. One evening at a subscribers' performance of Marcel Achard's *La Belle Marinière* at the Comédie Française, the abonnées didn't seem to like the play, for they whistled and shouted and carried on so much that I thought it was part of the show, and that Achard had succumbed to the Anglo-Saxon influence that so many Parisians are complaining about. I am going again to *Melo* to see how Gaby Morlay is coming on with her somersaults. No wonder she has such a pretty figure. I wish that Henri Bernstein would write a few more plays like that with several other actresses in view. It's too bad that he doesn't write librettos for operas. But I am not going to write about the opera now, or the Opéra Comique either. I am in too good a humour, and don't want to spoil it.

Miss Jessie Matthews, who has been very much in the public eye of late, both in a theatre in the immediate vicinity of Piccadilly and a more austere building near the site of Temple Bar. She will sail for New York on December 16 with C. B. Cochran's company to play in "Wake Up and Dream," which opens over there shortly

MONSIEUR VERDIER has been appointed as Archbishop of Paris. Yes, Monsieur Verdier, because he is of the Order of St. Sulpice, who bear no ecclesiastical titles. St. Sulpiciens devote their lives entirely to education, and a bishop has not been chosen among them since the seventeenth century. Their great seminary at Issy-les-Moulineaux has many historical and literary associations. It was there that Napoleon, in a verbal combat with a priest, had to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope in the Church, and where, during the Commune, several priests were shot.

IN the garden is the bench where Ernest Renan used to sit, and the bench, since Renan wrote his "Life of Jesus," is now regarded as an object of horror by the seminarists. In their fifth year the theological students leave Issy to continue their studies in Paris at the seminary in the rue de Regard. It was about this house that Saint Beuve and George Sand had nasty things to say.

ONE of the most interesting exhibitions I have ever seen is the Cent Ans de Vie Française given by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* at the Jean Charpentier Gallery. The portraits, the manuscripts, letters, personal relics of writers who have contributed to the magazine during the past hundred years are gathered together with such a sense of presentation that there is nothing about the show that smacks of museum. The gallery is thronged all day with people. S. L.

BY MARJORIE MILLER

THE OLD, OLD STORY

BY JOHN GORDGE

ELOQUENCE AND ELOCUTION

BY FLANAGAN

BOBBY (to "the baby" over the white line): *"Here! This ain't a bloomin' handicap, you all start scratch when I ses go!"*

MISS CLAIRE LUCE

"I CAN BE STATUESQUE —OR GAY—

Claire Luce made a hit earlier this year, playing lead with Nelson Keys in "Burlesque." She has recently made a success in New York in a drama called "Scarlet Pages," in a highly emotional part She is now under contract to Al Woods, and will appear shortly in a new play adapted from the French called "Latitude of Love," and has been seeking an English actor to play an ideal French lover. Miss Luce is one of the most beautiful actresses on the stage, and her pink and white colouring and fair, almost white hair make her admired wherever she appears, and Hollywood

IN FOUR POSES

—OR HAUGHTY —OR JUST MYSELF"

has made her big offers. Her aim is to play again in London: "I love British audiences," she told the BYSTANDER. *"They give you a chance. I love the British people, and your li'l old London is so restful." We have photographed Miss Luce in four of the latest designs of Isobel, of 223, Regent Street. On the left is an exquisite ensemble in beige and gold georgette. In the next dress Ivory net embroidered in panels is used for a Princess gown; the third shows a very graceful frock in bottle-green mousseline, and on the right is seen a Riviera coat of primrose cloth adorned with fox dyed to the same shade*

FILM NOTES

RE-ENTER THE STRAUS WALTZ

By Lionel Collier

Lefy Phelps (Ralph Graves) considers it a good omen that Elinor wishes him luck: a scene in "Flight," a British film made by Columbia Pictures Corporation, which was given a premier presentation on December 9

UNTIL a little while ago only one attempt had been made to present a musical comedy in sound on the screen, "The Desert Song." It did not compare in any respect with its stage counterpart, one reason being that stage conventions were mainly adhered to, and the screen cannot hope to compete with the stage on its own ground. No canned voice or music can be so attractive as the actuality, and although we try hard to disguise the fact there is a continual under feeling that we are only looking at shadows. In other words, personal contact is much stronger than contact by representation. To outweigh this the enlarged scope afforded by the camera must be used, and with the advent of talkies producers seem in danger of forgetting this fact.

NOW two more attempts have been made at screen musical comedy in "Rio Rita," which takes the place of "On With the Show" at the Tivoli, and "Married in Hollywood" at the Capitol. While neither of them succeeds in providing the same entertainment that could be afforded by a stage version, the latter is distinctly interesting in parts.

MARCEL SILVER has presented his story in a manner which does away with the proscenium arch, which is all to the good, while Oscar Straus has written tuneful waltz music which is an absolute relief after the unoriginality of the average American syncopated stridences. This is not to say that Straus music is not familiar or that it reaches the level of "The Waltz Dream" or "The Count of Luxemburg," but it is pleasing.

UNFORTUNATELY the story does not live up to these two assets. Starting with a romance in quite excellent style between an American actress in Vienna and a Ruritanian Prince it then moves to Hollywood. By the way, the Prince seems a little uncertain as to what accent or language he should use, but finally adopts American.

THE heroine, of course, has no such linguistic difficulties, although the rest of the cast is, in most cases, rather undecided. This move to Hollywood takes place after the queen has spirited her son away from the actress's influence, and she, thoroughly depressed, has decided to go there. The Prince's voyage is rather more roundabout, since he is deposed and forthwith has to fly from his country disguised as a deck-hand of the pseudo-proletarian type.

Norma Terris and J. Harold Mundy as Bride and Bridegroom in "Married In Hollywood," at the Capitol, a talkie with songs, dances, an eventful story which moves from Vienna to Hollywood, and a happy ending

HOWEVER, he arrives in Hollywood just in time to be cast as a double for the leading man in the actress's production—she is now, by the way, a film star—and so meets her face to face on the set. She has threatened to stab him on sight, and attempts to do so

Edna Davies, who has temporarily deserted the stage to play lead opposite Carl Brisson in "Song of Soho." This British International film was completed in the record time of three weeks

until he clears up misunderstandings and is made her leading man on the spot. From the time of the revolution until the end Straus's romantic music seems lost, and we have familiar "hokum," which, however, has its moments when it satirises film production in Hollywood, and in part explains why we have to suffer some of the pictures.

IF the opening romance had been persisted in and not lost among the Hollywood lots it would have been a much more enjoyable picture. As it is the music makes it worth while, since both J. Harold Murray and Norma Terris sing well.

Settings are very good, and there is no lack of lavishness in the presentation.

I AM told that the stage version of "Rio Rita" ran for two years on Broadway, which may help to explain Broadway. The producer, Luther Reed, has had to deal with a weird hotch-potch of material, which includes romance, drama, familiar Western situations, comedy, music and dancing. It is not in any true sense a musical comedy as we know it. Having tried to get every ingredient into it nothing much emerges.

THE story tells of a gallant captain of the Texas Rangers who woos a Mexican maid. A Russian general—presumably finding Russia a bit dull after its Revolution and hoping for more life in Mexico—also loves her. He poisons her mind by saying the captain wants to arrest her brother, and she finally consents to marry him. For some obscure reason he takes her to an old barge—old but most sumptuously furnished—for the wedding. The hero, however, arrives in time to clear unjust suspicion and arrests the General as the bandit he is seeking. Usual kiss curtain to theme song.

INTERSPERSED in this romance we are introduced to a lawyer, a young man, his new wife and his former wife whom he apparently has not divorced. Bigamy is such fun! These, together with the usual well-drilled choruses and dancing tunes, hold up the main action.

IN this case nothing has been added, except a few exteriors, to what could have been accomplished on the stage much better. Sumptuous settings are all very well, but they do not carry the effect that a stage presentation can achieve, and there is always a sense of flatness due in part to confused backgrounds either of crowds or setting.

So far as the music is concerned I feel that the composer is an extraordinarily good listener; it is reminiscent of most of the tunes we have heard of late.

L. C.

Douglas Fairbanks Junior and Loretta Young in "Fast Life," now showing at the Regal

MODES, MOODS and MANNERS

By Blanche B. Elliott

A gown of statuesque beauty in cream-yellow chiffon, with groups of close gatherings on hips and back. The bolero and skirt frills droop downwards towards the back
MODEL LUCIEN LELONG
Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

DEEP within the heart of woman lies the love of masquerade. That is why every woman born wants at some period of her life or another to be an actress. Living in a commercialised age, where even travel is arranged with a precision and smoothness that robs it of all adventure, and hotels everywhere reach the same dull acme of standardised perfection, she turns perforce to clothes to provide her with colour and romance to help her to veil with illusion, prosaic modern life. And it is partly in response to this love of masquerade that she dresses up differently for the different hours of the day.

IN the morning we are busy and practical, in the afternoon dressy, in the evening leisurely and resplendent. We are different people, too, at the varied hours, attuning ourselves half unconsciously to changing moods with the helpful background of clothes. It has been said of the Englishman that he is breezy, hearty and jolly in the morning in his plus-fours (a shiveringly unpleasant frame of mind to be in at any hour of the day). He is formal and correct in his town clothes, but only in his evening dress suit does he really relax. One senses such relaxation instantly, for he is not a subtle creature, and as he sips his wine and glances round at fair femininity he is more in a frame of mind for the lighter side of life or the game of love. For the Englishwoman, too, tweeds and the severity of the tailored suit are best for the morning. Somehow a smart, sleek black cloth coat, fur-trimmed, seems to be too dressy for early morning London. In Paris it is different, and one could wear it at any time and not feel conspicuous in its smartness. But then—and quite incidentally—the god of Love is not shackled by any considerations at all in the City of Light!

UNDENIABLY, clothes and moods are closely akin. That is why the worthy and the severely virtuous always choose ugly uniforms to suppress any promptings of incipient vanities. It is also, no doubt, why, as a relic of Puritanism, the austere British matron—of a happily vanishing type—"disapproves" of fashion. Efforts have been made at various times to express on the stage and elsewhere the varied psychological effects of colour on human beings; but while such effects are acknowledged, their results are far too little studied and applied. Black was once used as a symbol for mourning, purple for pomp and royalty, and white for virginity. Now grandmothers choose white, chits in their teens have a preference for black and purple, while brides show a penchant for pale shades.

NOW into this complicated arena steps modern woman, who adds an entirely new set of sporting needs which have completely upset the established order of things. It has not taken her long to discover her trousered requirements. For riding, ski-ing, climbing and the boudoir, trousers are already an accepted vogue, and they are encroaching daily. They mean an emancipation from convention rather than any new feminine expression towards life. They merely illustrate an added mood and activity. To show she has not changed fundamentally at all, modern woman converts herself into another creature in the evening; she becomes a trailing wisp of effeminacy that is completely unrecognisable from the athletic romp of the morning. Thus do modern clothes give her a still greater opportunity to dress up and vary her personality.

WITH Christmas so near at hand there is the usual lure of the winter sports holiday, and Scaioni shows a picture of Schiaparelli's new ski-ing outfit with an original line. She has chosen dark blue, which rivals black as a favoured choice. It gives a wide scope for varied splashes of colour in jumper, muffler and cap which can be alternated as preferred. For the winter sporter the other main need is the evening frock for hotel gaieties, and that is the other extreme in dress. The sketch on this page shows one of Lelong's very latest creations in cream-yellow chiffon with the down-drooping curve at the back—a characteristic of this house—very much emphasised in the full frillings. In his October collection, which he called Spring 1930, Lelong accentuated the longer line of the frock and showed several strikingly original materials as a speciality of the house. He was one of the first to launch the threequarter matching evening coat and to realise its chic, repeating it again and again in varied-colour ensembles. When fur-trimmed it can take the place of an opera cloak, and those economically minded will have two frocks to accompany the same coat. For the restaurant or hotel dining-room they are delightful to slip on over the low-backed evening frock, which can be exhibited in its full glory at the ball or reception which may be attended later. They just typify one of the little details of taste which it seems the French mind alone can create.

THE loose back is an essential of the smart line, having behind it the practical raison d'être that it helps the fuller figure by dipping at the back and giving a flowing, fluid outline. It will be noticed the extreme lowness of the bolero frill in Lelong's model does away with any idea of the hour-glass waistline inseparably connected in the minds of the conventional with its normal position. The cape, which is, again, little more than a frill, is apt to appear on any type of frock, and, properly manipulated, it gives a graceful line which is a welcome aid to many.

FOR blouses the tuck-in model is rapidly becoming the only one for smart wear. Even for sports it is becoming more universal, though more slowly. The right line for your sports skirt, by the way, is to wear the belt at the *top* of the hip-bone rather than the actual waist. This is sponsored by Molyneux, and gives a far better line in most cases than the normal waistline, to which one is so unused that a short-waisted effect is often created. The blouse should be pouched a little over the belt at the back and pulled *up* in front a shade, which helps extraordinarily to give the right line. One can but repeat that the pinched-in waist effect is to be avoided, and the straight up and down slimness—if a trifle unanatomical—is still the ideal.

ONE is always hearing about corsets, and the name of a good corsetière who can so adapt the lines of your own figure to make it inches smaller on the hips by adroit modelling rather than compression is a secret one hesitates to whisper even in the ear of one's best friend. They cost quite a sum, of course—but what will you?

Schiaparelli creates a new ski-ing outfit, with loosely cut breeches in dark blue toile. The novel fitted jumper, pointed hood-like cap, gloves and socks are in hand-knitted wool of dark blue splashed with a striking dash of yellow in Schiaparelli's characteristically original manner

Model Schiaparelli

MISS DIANA BOURBON ON THE LEASEHOLD MARRIAGE

Miss Diana Bourbon

IF one got married for 7 - 14 - 21 years, as one takes the lease of a house . . . with legal provision made for dilapidations, fair wear and tear, and tenant's improvements — I think most of us would become quite brilliantly successful as husbands and wives.

It's the devastating *permanency* of the thing that puts such a blight on it, withering all constructive effort and agreeableness.

Effort? Bah! It just isn't in human nature to work its hardest holding down a job that's been contracted out for life anyway.

And, mark you, marriage is the only contract with anything *like* its substantial values involved that is drawn up without any clause adequately safeguarding either party from bad workmanship or the grossest kind of profiteering.

. . . For you can't call divorce a safeguard against anything. It's just a rather messy afterthought, with two blades and no handle. As likely as not to cut both sides indiscriminately just to prove its own impartiality.

Add to marriage a nice, healthy little element of doubt—right from the beginning—and see how thoughtful, how considerate, how gentle—in fact, to use a thoroughly detestable word, how really *nice* we should become. Especially when our time for lease-renewal was drawing near, and we weren't absolutely certain that our options would be taken up!

* * *

NO one expects even tomatoes to grow without being properly looked after—but married happiness must put forth shoots, blossom, and bear fruit in spite of being daily trampled over by want of a little liver pill; by an irritating trick of speech; or a dirty bath-room wash-basin. ("Why *can't* you remember, Horace, just to rinse it out after using it?")

Poor married happiness.

I once knew a woman married to the most colossal egotist anyone ever imagined. She suffered in silence for fifteen years (protest wasn't fashionable in her circles). Then one day she just walked out and left him.

"There isn't anyone else," she had the good sense to tell him frankly. "I was just so excruciatingly bored with *you*."

The shock nearly made a human being of him. After which she returned—but on condition (the condition was hers) that she needn't spend more than four evenings a week in his company.

Being lazy, and home-loving, how she did hate going out the other three! But she kept it up, with the result that he's quite a decent average now.

By Chicot

THE FILM STAR: "I'm sorry, darling, but we shall have to get a divorce. Cook says either you or she must go, and it *is* so difficult to get a new cook!"

If only she'd had a seven years' lease of him in the first place, she could have handed in her little bombshell two quarter days before the term expired, saved herself eight years' further irritation and him all the friends he lost himself in the meanwhile.

Oh, a lease can be a great asset.

* * *

AND what a curb on the husband who always has engagements at the club, or business friends to entertain in the evenings (due solely and entirely to certainty of his wife's permanence). Whatever else comes and goes—*she's* fixed and immovable. The time when nothing else is doing is the time that's good enough for her. . . . Once let a lease put her on the uncertainty basis——!

What a remedy it affords against the stingy husband—and the wife subject to that deplorable habit of wearing out in the fastnesses of the home all the amateur garments that turned out badly!

What a blow to the professional philanderer!

Have you ever noticed how the most systematically unfaithful men prefer permanent anchorage with their existing wives to permanent anchorage with anyone else? The possibility of an obligatory change-over at least every seven years would make the game too hazardous even for them. . . .? (Witness how careful they always grow if they become widowers.)

* * *

AND that profound mystery of married life—the case of all the unhappy couples who will not *separate*. Be uncoupled——? They won't for anything. . . . Only *think* they would. . . . Talk about it, because it's safe not to happen.

Why, once I knew a man who was so wretched with his wife, hated her so intensely, that he seriously entertained the idea of murdering her. She died, and he was inconsolable. Life, at her going, simply lost its meaning for him.

"Can't live *with* each other—can't live *without*" is almost a commonplace phrase. Is a commonplace fact—if you preface the first "can't" with "nearly."

Wretched in bonds neither can bear to break—mightn't the marriage lease bring remedy even to these strange, tormented pairs of human beings? It would provide a possible door of escape so much simpler and less painful than anything previously envisaged. Both would know that nothing would ever induce *them* to cross its threshold into freedom, but *how could either ever be sure the other wouldn't?*

Why, all of us, even the nicest, have our beastly, bosom-of-the-family manner that we only trot out when we're at home, where we really matter. Putting—religiously—our best foot foremost with the stranger, and reserving our worst for use among those who mean far more to us.

Why? For such a little, simple reason. *We are sure of them.*

The stranger who will suffer not at all from any exhibition of peevishness or ill-manners on our part is free never to see us again if we indulge it.

Once they thought us charming and interesting people—like the others—outside. We give them every opportunity of forgetting that odd idea of us . . . "damning the happiness of the only people who care a damn for us" to paraphrase Stevenson.

Just because we are sure of them. . .

WHO SAYS DEWAR'S?

Could you imagine a more timely and welcome gift for any whisky-wise friend than one of these special Dewar's flagons? The shape and design are so attractive, so unusual, the lustre of the famous Doulton ware so rich and deep and the whisky inside—Dewar's "White Label"—is one of the finest things that ever came out of Scotland! There are twelve entirely different patterns to choose from and each holds one-sixth of a gallon. Your usual supplier can give you full particulars and will show you the complete range of flagons.

IN OLD

THE ladies of old Venice
Looked both statuesque and fair
In their hoops and frills and flounces
With a rosebud in their hair
And a shy, demure expression
That said, "Kiss me if you dare!"

The nobles of old Ve
In their silks and
Cultivated courtly ge
And a manner mo
But they dearly love
With their loves w

BY BRUNELLESCHI

VENICE

Venice
d wigs of white
gestures
most polite—
ed a-strolling
when stars were bright!

Young People of old Venice
May seem humorous to you
With their mincing airs and graces,
But they did *know how to woo;*
And those powdered prim Venetians
Could teach us *a thing or two!*

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Pity the Poor Good

By

F. E. BAILY

With the death of her lover, an impoverished peer, Gracie, having settled her many accounts, is in desperate need, for her honour's sake, of a certain sum of money. How she obtains that money, and yet preserves her honour, constitutes the plot of this powerful story.

Illustrated by

WEBSTER MURRAY

IN the big quiet bedroom of the walled house within the walled garden on Campden Hill Lord John lay dying. Gracie, who knew, and that Lord John knew, sat on the edge of the bed, a perfect companion in death as she had been in life, with no tears, no sighs, and no repining, only that heaven-sent gift for turning to account the flying moment before it had fled. One of her hands twined itself round Lord John's, whose hands had steered a Grand National winner to victory and made mock of so many women. The second Lady John's decree nisi not yet being made absolute, Gracie remained only Gracie, slender and golden-haired, her voice in keeping with her hair, having neither ties nor regrets to interfere with her love for Lord John.

A fire crackled quietly and the shaded lights blessed them. The night nurse, quite aware that nothing could be done, and being also human, divided her interest between the love story of Gracie and Lord John and a magazine love story in an adjoining room.

Lord John, who was in the fifties, smiled quizzically at Gracie, who was in the later twenties, giving her somehow the indulged feeling of a masterpiece under the eye of a connoisseur.

"It's funny," he said in a voice so unlike Lord John's normal voice that could coax a woman or quell a mob with equal success, "to think I shan't be here to-morrow night. We've been sinners for six years, Gracie, and to-morrow we shan't be sinners any more. That's the curse of dying; it puts you beyond all your pleasant sins."

"Don't, Johnny, darling!" Gracie pleaded, and tightened her fingers on his. Lord John looked at her severely. "You aren't to whine, Gracie. I've always taught you to take your medicine and not whine about life. That's the only way to live. I'm rather worried about you, my dear. My affairs are quite hopeless. There won't be a thing left after I'm gone and the pack of creditors comes down. All you'll have is the lease of your flat and the furniture, and the few things I've given you."

GRACIE, who was one of the world's born lovers, smiled at him so that even Lord John could not meet her eyes.

"It won't matter what happens when you're gone," she told him.

"You'd better marry. No use taking a lover. You and I were quite different. He'd only treat you as I've treated lots of girls. No use your trying to earn your living. You haven't the brains. You're a man's woman."

"Don't talk a lot, Johnny; you'll get so tired. Just let me hold your fingers. One can tell a person a great deal just holding her fingers."

"I'm very ill," Lord John said suddenly, "and I'm going to die, and I shall do what I like. Crewdson as good as told me to. He's coming round later, but he can't put the clock back. Tell that nurse to bring a bottle of champagne and open it."

Gracie released his fingers and went into the next room. Lord John lay very still, gathering himself for a final effort, reviewing the gay pageant of his life, and bidding it farewell. Gracie came back with the nurse carrying a champagne bottle and glasses. "I doubt if you can open it, Sister," murmured Lord John; but the nurse did.

"To his astonishment she replied, 'Let him if he likes, Giozzi What does it matter?'"

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Evidently not the first time," he commented. "Pray take a glass with me yourself."

The nurse, standing where Lord John could not see her, signalled to Gracie with her eye and received an answering signal. Moving forward, the nurse touched the glass to her lips.

"Here's luck!" she said. "I'll take mine into the other room, but I won't be far away if the champagne goes to your head, Lord John."

When the door had closed behind her Lord John said to Gracie: "Bring the table closer and prop me up. This is the end as I'd planned it. No damned relations, no humbug; only you. Put your arm round me and give me that glass. Thank you. Here's to all our happy days and all your good time ahead. No heel taps!"

With a great effort he held the glass to his lips and drained it. Gracie, who was a man's woman and had been taught not to whine, drained hers. She laid him back gently on his pillow and took his glass. Lord John, who had made his effort and cared no longer, grinned faintly.

"A great wine," he told her. "It lasted my time. You're a good girl, Gracie—a bad man's last love and the best of the lot. Call that damned nurse and get out of here. I'm going, and I want to die alone."

But Gracie lifted his head against her breast and held her peace, because, in so far as that is possible, she did not wish him to die alone.

GRACIE, in her flat converted from the second floor of a great old Victorian house, sat doing sums, which she could never manage very well. Most of the night she had wept, but when morning came she bathed, dressed, and did what was necessary to disguise her swollen eyelids.

"They won't let me go to his funeral," she reflected, "because I haven't any official existence; and if I sent Johnny a wreath, and they knew it was mine, they wouldn't put it near him where he'd like to have it. But it doesn't matter, because he understands all that just as well as I do."

It seemed, even by the standard of Gracie's arithmetic, that she owed a great deal of money and possessed a very small bank balance. These facts brought a frown to her brow, because she wanted to leave a world which never understood her love for Johnny with her accounts squared. Then, for an unpractical woman, she became very business-like.

She rang up a furniture dealer, asked him to call, and sold him the furnishings of the flat as they stood. She sold the lease of the flat to a firm of estate agents, and her clothes to a wardrobe dealer, except the cream evening frock with touches of gold that Johnny liked her in best, which she kept for a special purpose. All of them paid in cash, and when the last cheque had been written for the last bill only a few shillings remained over. This did not trouble her at first, because her remaining needs were few, and then the terrifying thought came:

"I've nothing left to pay for my funeral!"

She leaned back in the corner of her Chesterfield which the dealer would remove next day, poured herself more tea into the cup of delicate china that was practically hers no longer, and considered what seemed an insoluble problem. "For if you borrow from a friend when you know you can never repay," she told herself, "it's more like stealing than borrowing, and I've never stolen in my life, not even a man from another woman."

FINALLY, there came to her the one possible solution. "I shall have to pretend to be a bad girl. I don't think Johnny will mind, because he knows I'm not bad really. All I ever did was to love him, and even then he was anyone's to love. The only way out is to get this money from a man."

A WISH

IF I must also die, then let it be
At evening, when the tide is at the flood;
There will be no regret, nor tears, nor blood,
Only a great contentment—and the sea.
Let the soft whispers of the setting sun
Bid me farewell, and may her parting smile
Linger upon the water for a while.
O! let my last impression then be one
Of hopeless beauty—peace of many nights
Bathe me in shadow, while through darkness glim
The creaking of a windlass and the cries
Of sailors, inarticulate and dim.
And may there be reflected in my eyes
The stars of heaven and the harbour lights.

D. du M.

She glanced at the little gilt clock on the mantelpiece; its hands pointed almost to five o'clock. Gracie rose, cleared away her tea-things, and washed them up, for her maid had been dismissed with two months' wages and a story about a sudden journey to America. "Just one hour to myself," Gracie murmured, "and then a bath and the cream frock, and that will leave me time to get to the Hotel Magnifique by a quarter past eight. It'll be very simple, because they know me so well there."

Giozzi, who reigns supreme in the restaurant of the Hotel Magnifique and divines the innermost secrets of his patrons, received her with sombre respect.

"Ah, madame," he exclaimed, "ce pauvre Lord John! A fine gentleman! Un grand seigneur!" There were tears in his eyes.

"I was with him when he died," Gracie said gently. "It was all very peaceful. Don't be sorry. He'd hate anyone to weep and wail."

Giozzi bowed her to her favourite table without a hint of surprise that she should be dining there, perfectly calm, when she might have mourned apart.

"Madame is very brave," he told her. "I understand, for I, too, have lost a friend."

Gracie let him guide her to the choice of dinner, watched him go, leaned back in her chair and took note of the men dining alone. "I must be very discreet," she thought. "I started out with just a pound, the taxi cost three shillings, and I wouldn't rob Giozzi for anything in the world."

It was then that her eye lighted on the Man from Birmingham.

He sat by himself, busy with the architecture of a good dinner, rounded, prosperous, perhaps forty years old. A half-bottle of champagne stood in an ice bucket beside him. He had left his wife and two children in a large house with a fine garden, a garage, and two cars, somewhere in the Edgbaston neighbourhood, and travelled Londonward on a business trip. Although men from Birmingham are gregarious and generally dine hilariously with good old George and dear old Harry (stout fellows), some instinct had made him keep his last night free and take himself alone to the Magnifique Restaurant. Just after his second cocktail the girl in cream and gold had entered, also alone.

In the glow of the cocktails he appraised her golden hair and golden skin, the delicate profile, the sensitive mouth, and wished he could make out the colour of her eyes. Probably somebody from the way the maître d'hôtel fussed over her, and yet again she might be just an actress or that sort of thing who made men take her there and brought custom. The Man from Birmingham knew himself to be very sophisticated and wise, yet somehow the girl fascinated him. Once, becoming conscious of his gaze, she gave him a long, clear look without either invitation or rebuke, and then turned away. He took a drink of champagne, beckoned the waiter, and burned his boats. The waiter approached Giozzi and murmured something; Giozzi gave the Man from Birmingham a swift glance and turned away, commenting under his breath: "Mon Dieu, quel type!" Unhurriedly he found himself at Gracie's side, and explained the situation deprecatingly. To his astonishment she replied:

"Let him if he likes, Giozzi. What does it matter?"

TWO minutes later the Man from Birmingham sat opposite her, and they were transferring his half-bottle of champagne. Triumphantly he waved it away.

"Gone flat by now. Bring a fresh bottle of the same wine," he ordered, but Gracie shook her head.

"Not unless you're going to drink it all yourself. I only want mineral water, please."

"Subtle!" thought the Man from Birmingham, proud of his discernment, and began all over again, on different lines.

(*Continued on page 601*)

HOUBIGANT

INTRODUCES

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(Pronounce: Bwa Dor-mong)

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PERFUME: 13/6 _ FACE POWDER: 2/-

The Co-optimism of a Co-optimist

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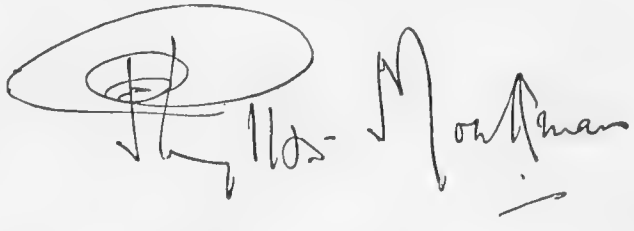
One cannot imagine that in Miss Phyllis Monkman's vocation there need be any such depressing word as economy. Yet Miss Monkman is thoroughly pleased with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* because they are such an economy in towels and laundry. "Towels are not made to absorb cream and impurities. I always thought that—but until *Pond's* new *Cleansing Tissues* came on the scene I had no alternative. Now I just whip one of these fine soft cleansing tissues out of the box, remove my cold cream with it and then discard it—like paper. It absorbs all the cold cream and impurities instead of rubbing them back into the skin as cloth is inclined to do."



PITY THE POOR GOOD (*continued from page 598*)

Giozzi, afar off, watched over Gracie with sympathy.

"Her heart it is broke, and so she tries to drown her cares," he explained to himself. "But with a commis-voyageur from the provinces! That is indeed strange."

The Man from Birmingham was counting all his foes thrice and slaying the already slain for Gracie's admiration and his own enlargement.

"So I just told 'em that if they couldn't dig out a little get-up-and-get from somewhere and put some pep into their delivery dates yours truly would go elsewhere. You ought to have seen them jump to it! I say, what's your name? And what are you doing in this wicked place alone? You're much too pretty to take care of yourself. Good job I found you in time. Ha! ha!"

The golden girl smiled. "Most people call me Gracie, and I'm perfectly safe. Giozzi is a very old friend. He always chaperons me most beautifully."

"Just after his second cocktail the girl in cream and gold had entered, also alone"

"GETS a percentage on the takings, I expect!" the Man from Birmingham told himself. "All these head waiters own rows of houses bought out of graft." Aloud he said:

"Gracie? That's a pretty name. Suits you somehow. My name's Albert. What liqueur will you have, Gracie? Must have something to baptise our friendship. Can't baptise a new friendship in cold water!"

Gracie sighed. She had been terribly afraid they might have christened him John. "Thank you. May I have brandy, please—the fine de la maison?"

That was what Johnny and she had always drunk, and it pleased her to choose it for the last time. Albert raised his glass, observing archly: "Here's to the light that lies in women's eyes, and lies—and lies!" And again she smiled at him, and drank a silent toast to Lord John.

When she had slowly smoked one of Albert's cigarettes she became aware of his voice inquiring as to what was her next pleasure. "What would you like next, Gracie, to dance here, or go on to a night club? I'm a member of two or three pretty swift ones, but it's a bit early yet."

GRACIE realised with a sudden shock that she could not possibly dance. "I meant to be early to-night," she explained; "just dine and go home. You see I was up very late last night."

His face fell, and then a cunning expression came into his eyes.

"And where's home? Of course, I'd be delighted to take you home." He pictured the narrow intimacy of a taxi and at the same time found himself hoping that she lived somewhere fairly remote. There would at least be the dark journey, if nothing better.

"I have a flat in Kensington." It had seemed only across the way from Campden Hill. "It's very kind of you to want to drive me back."

THE Man from Birmingham with badly concealed triumph beckoned to his waiter and asked for the bill. Gracie, as she powdered her face in the cloak-room, reflected rather wearily that he would be sure to kiss her in the taxi. Then her expression lightened because she felt very serene, like one who sees the end of a journey in sight.

Her companion tipped the commissionaire lavishly, the door slammed, and the taxi rolled out of the Hotel Magnifique's forecourt. Already his arm was encircling her. By the time they had left the Strand and were speeding along the Mall she felt his mouth on hers, seeking, relentless. At last he drew back and said:

"By God, you're wonderful! Are you going to ask me in when we reach your flat, Gracie?"

"Yes," she told him gently; "you may come in if you wish."

He sat staring at her in the intermittent glare of the street lamps.

"I don't understand you," he muttered at last. "You let me kiss you, you drive me crazy, and yet you seem so remote. I expect you're one of those cold women."

"Perhaps it's because I don't know you very well, Albert. Men are more precipitate than women, aren't they?"

She tapped at the window, and the taxi drew up in a quiet Kensington side street. "We had better get down here," she suggested. "I live in a turning off this road." Secretly the Man from Birmingham admired her discretion. There is always noise and clatter about the arrival and departure of a taxi. He paid the driver and started to walk by Gracie's side. The driver reversed, and was out of sight by the time they turned into her street.

She slipped her latchkey into her hall door and bade him enter. The fall of a switch revealed a small entrance lobby. She pushed open a door to her right, touched another switch, and preceded him into a sitting-room.

Following, he almost gasped in astonishment to see low, deep settees covered in beautiful green brocade, with a sweep of green curtains edged with gold across a large window. A fire burned low in the grate, and its light flickered on a bureau and a table that were practically museum specimens. There were a few very good pictures.

SHE stood leaning one arm on the mantelpiece and smiled at him. "So you like my room?" she asked softly, and seemed pleased. Suddenly he took a step forward and almost threatened her.

"This isn't at all what I expected. Of course, I like the room—it's had a pile of money spent on it—but are you playing straight? This isn't a trap, for instance? Remember I'm not the man——"

Seeing he was frightened, she answered: "I assure you we're quite alone. I haven't even a maid sleeping here."

The Man from Birmingham cleared his throat:

"I hate the unromantic side, but I'm not one of those

who ask favours. How—er—much would you like me to give you?"

A very faint colour ebbed into Gracie's cheeks, but her gaze did not falter. "Perhaps," she replied, and realised she had no idea how much a funeral cost, "you could give me ten pounds?"

From his note case he took three five-pound notes and handed them to her. She held them in silence for a second, and went on: "Will you excuse me now for just a few minutes? This door only leads to my bedroom. See for yourself."

She threw it open, and he saw for himself a canopied bed, a dressing table and dressing stool, a long wardrobe. "My bathroom opens off the bedroom, but the only way I could get out of the flat is through the sitting-room and the hall door."

A little breathlessly he answered:

"Certainly I'll excuse you. I'll smoke a cigarette in the sitting-room if I may."

THE Man from Birmingham seated himself beside the fire, lit a cigarette, and thought of many things—how opportunity makes the criminal, how charming these girls were compared with the sort of women who came to his wife's tea-parties, what his fellow-members of the Ratepayers' Association would say if they knew, how seldom he did this sort of thing in comparison with other men, how he would never do it again, and a lot more.

The little gilt clock on the mantelpiece ticked on. A coal fell into the grate. The artificial glow resulting from champagne, proximity and kisses began to fade. The flat was very quiet. He commenced to feel a little restless, and yet somehow he trusted the girl. Besides, although she possessed his fifteen pounds, she had left him alone with valuable and portable property. That exquisite little silver statuette, for instance, would fetch more than fifteen pounds. He got up and examined it. Probably done by a foreigner. They got a sort of devil into things. Very like Gracie in a way, and yet she gave him an impression of stillness.

He glanced at the clock and realised that he had waited half an hour.

This was absurd, of course. The girl simply wanted to make a fool of him. She had probably gone to bed and was laughing at his simplicity. He crossed the room and tapped on the door. No one answered. He tapped more sharply, and still there was no voice. He turned the handle and entered the bedroom.

She lay very peacefully on the bed in her cream frock, hands folded and eyes closed. At the first glance he knew she was dead. Her expression recalled to him all the happy people he had ever known; the lips just parted and a faint smile about the corners of the mouth. On a bedside table lay an envelope and a sheet of paper. He tiptoed nearer and saw that the envelope was addressed to the coroner. On the sheet of paper she had written: "Please forgive me. I never in my life cheated anyone before."

By Frank Ford

"She's very frigid, isn't she?"
"Frigid? Why I once talked to her for twenty minutes and caught pneumonia!"

THEN an icy sweat broke over the Man from Birmingham. He realised the danger in which he stood, alone in a strange flat with a dead woman whose very name was unknown to him. Did there exist in the whole world anyone who would believe the only story he could tell? Obviously there did not. His future, and that of his wife and two children, the house and garden, the garage and the two cars, hung on his course of action during the next five or ten minutes.

In one second he reverted from a twentieth-century business gentleman to a primeval savage. Carrying the sheet of paper, he tiptoed and closed the door. He burnt the paper in the grate, and on his knees collected the ends of the cigarettes he had smoked and burned these also. He put on his overcoat and checked mentally every item of personal property — hat, gloves, scarf, cigarette-case — in case he should leave behind a clue. With his handkerchief he wiped carefully the door-handle of the bedroom door to remove any possible finger-print. Then he put on hat and gloves and walked out of the flat.

Not a soul met him on the stairs. He let himself out of the hall door and strolled casually along the street. A taxi passed him, and he let it go in case the driver should remember him and volunteer evidence at the inquest. Instead, he entered the nearest Underground station, lost himself in the crowd, and so returned to his hotel. Over a large whisky and soda he summed up the situation:

"If she'd lived in a mansion flat instead of a house converted into flats nothing could have saved me, because the hall-porter would have seen us go in and seen me go out alone. I'm perfectly safe except for whatever she told the coroner, because that blasted head-waiter at the Magnifique doesn't know me from Adam. I wish I'd opened the coroner's letter, but I simply didn't dare."

SITTING at breakfast with his wife and children two days later he read the report of the inquest. It was, said the Coroner, a very sad case of a beautiful and charming young woman who seemed to have found the stress and strain of modern life too much for her. He did not propose to read her letter. A pathetic feature of this very sad case was that she enclosed in her letter fifteen pounds to pay for her funeral expenses. That fifteen pounds represented all she had in the world. She stated that there was no longer anything left to live for. He should bring in a verdict of Suicide while of Unsound Mind.

"She may not be as attractive as poor Gracie," thought the Man from Birmingham, glancing at his wife, "but she is a good woman, and Gracie must have been a bad girl or else she would have had a husband and children instead of a beautiful flat of her own. And I am a good man except when someone leads me astray, and this will be a lesson to me never again to let myself be fooled by a bad girl."

Fortified by these sentiments, he emulated his young daughter and partook of a second helping of eggs and bacon.

F. E. B.

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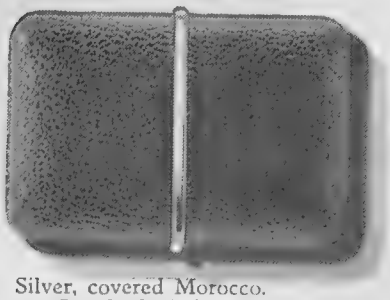

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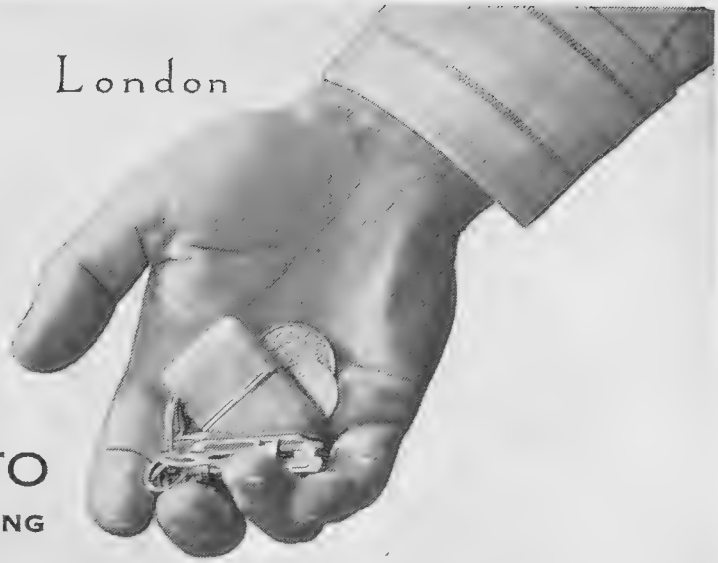

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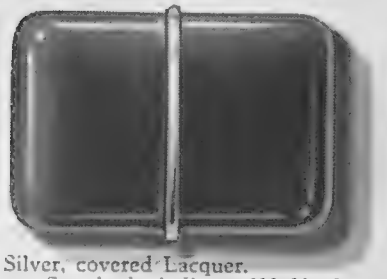

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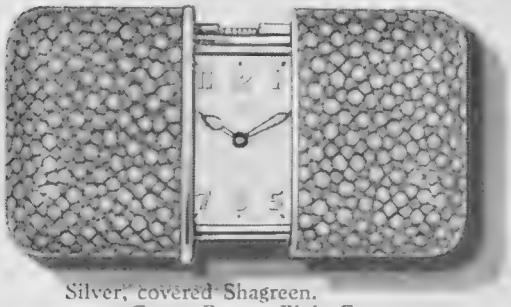

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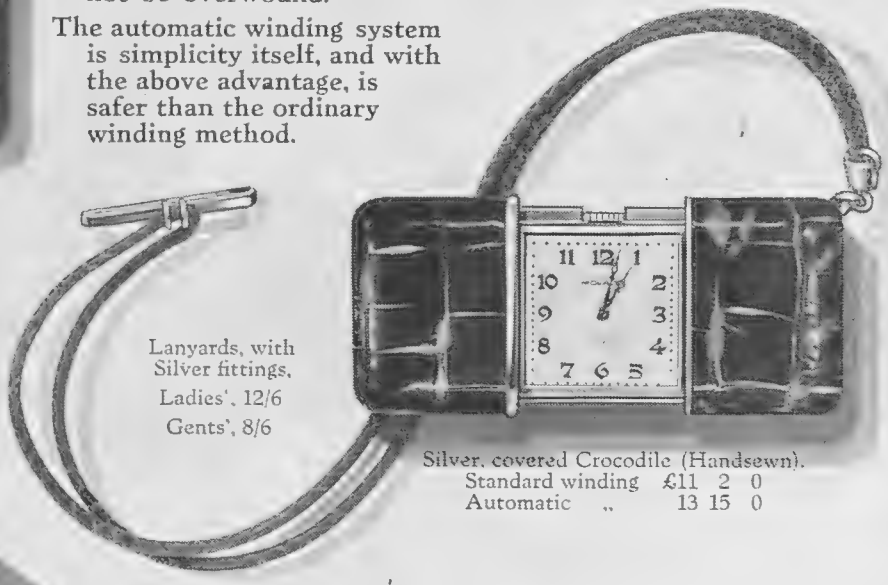

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FLASHES FROM THE PAST

By A. P. Garland

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

(The curtain rises to disclose Cleopatra in gorgeous but exiguous Eastern robes, seated on a low couch, and bent forward, with her hands in the pose familiar to us from the Egyptian friezes. Facing her, and sitting on his heels on the floor, is a Tutankhamen-looking Egyptian, with writing materials in his hand.)

CLEOPATRA *(taking up a card about three feet square):* I see you're Mister Top of *The Memphis Times.*

MR. TOP: Yes, your Majesty.

CLEOPATRA *(looking at him suspiciously):* If you've an idea that you're going to sell me an *Encyclopædia Ægyptiana,* with a self-starting revolving bookcase, I want to warn you here and now that you're wasting your time.

MR. TOP: Your Majesty—I shouldn't think of such a thing. I saw the notice on the gate, "No Hawkers, No Circulars, No Canvassers."

CLEOPATRA: Just as well. I set an asp on the last canvasser that got in here.

MR. TOP: Serve him right. No, your Majesty, I've been sent here by my editor, Mr. Rameses ——

CLEOPATRA: Rameses? Oh, yes. That charming man with the rather repoussé face.

MR. TOP: That's the bird, your Majesty. The fact is, there's a story going the rounds ——

CLEOPATRA: From the Stock Exchange? Do tell it to me. I haven't heard a good yarn for years!

MR. TOP: No, your Majesty. The story is that you are engaged to Marc Antony.

CLEOPATRA *(with affected dismay):* Dear me, where on earth did you hear that?

MR. TOP: A little bird told us ——

CLEOPATRA: A little bird? I guess I know the little bird, only he happens to be a great big chattering magpie. You mean Lord Gassalot, the gossip-writer. As it happens, he and I patronise the same slimming establishment, and he managed to inveigle the story out of me. Anyhow it's true. We are engaged. Tony is a darling, and I'm ever so happy.

MR. TOP: Congratulations, your Majesty.

CLEOPATRA: Thanks so much. I know my public will be pleased to hear that I've found my soul-mate at last.

MR. TOP: The real soul-mate?

CLEOPATRA: Not a doubt about it. Isn't it marvellous? And he did take some finding. One shrinking little woman to have the courage to marry seventeen husbands, reading from left to right, and then to find all of them duds, except poor old Ahmenotap. Luckily Fate helped me to dispose of all of them.

MR. TOP: Some of them met rather violent deaths, did they not?

CLEOPATRA: Oh, yes! Nearly all of them did. I saw to five of them myself. You know how slow the Divorce Courts are, and a woman can endure only so much. Then again there were accidents. Look at dear old Ahmenotap. He would insist on swimming the Nile, and found his last resting place in a crocodile. It was so undignified.

MR. TOP: What number was he in the batting order?

CLEOPATRA *(pondering):* Let me see. About seventh, I think. And then you're bound to remember poor Ibis.

MR. TOP: Ibis?

CLEOPATRA: Yes. He and I had so much in common. We both loved quail on toast. But he was such a reckless lad. The second day of our honeymoon he did himself rather well at lunch and insisted on trying to climb a pyramid. The Osiris Ambulance had such a job gathering him up afterwards. Wasn't it terrible? Mated and cremated in six days, so to speak. Life is tough for us women.

MR. TOP: Were all your husbands insured, your Majesty?

CLEOPATRA: Rather. I make it a rule always to run them along to the Thebes Prudential before we line up before the Registrar. Unfortunately, I've no head for business. Often my late lamented has been planted for several days before I think of going along to collect the doubloons. To a woman money is nothing; all that's worth while is a clear conscience and the affection of those with whom one comes in contact.

MR. TOP: One more question, your Majesty. There is a report going about that you once dissolved pearls in wine and swallowed the result.

CLEOPATRA: An absurd story. I want you to contradict it right away. I would never swallow pearls. You know what pearls give you?

MR. TOP: No.

CLEOPATRA: Ciro-sis of the liver.

"I set an asp on the last canvasser that got in here"

How to Make Money at Bridge

I—To Cover or Not to Cover an Honour

By "Aces Easy"

Bridge has long since developed from the *pons asinorum* stage. The literature of the game proves its amazing appeal, and there seems no valid reason why the average club player should not be an excellent performer. But one has only to cut into a rubber to see (if one has the eyes) trick after trick cast away by men and women to whom Bridge is a daily or nightly event.

"Give me the cards and you can have the play," is that most deadly of lies—a half-truth. I was asked recently by one of those who think "conventions, play, and science cut no ice against aces and kings" to collect a partner and play him and a fellow "natural player" a match at stakes considerably more than I normally care to play. As he was one of those people who, if I declined, would jeer at me for lack of faith in my system, I was moral coward enough to accept. We played seven rubbers, lost four, won three. Our losses amounted to 1,027 points; our gains to 2,182. We were subsequently informed we "held the earth." I mention, in passing, we did not.

Now one swallow does not make a summer, nor one match prove a system. But if one plays correctly, verily I say unto you, one has one's reward. Take this position, for example: I was playing a no-trumper and dummy held six Clubs to queen, jack, ten and the king of Spades; I held ace and another Club and the ace of Spades. I led out my ace and followed with a little Club; the king appeared on the third round, and, getting in again, I re-entered dummy with the spare king and made three more Clubs. Result—game.

Elementary I grant; but an opponent, also playing a no-trumper, was confronted with almost the same situation. He went over to dummy with his solitary entry, and led the queen for a finesse; with a doubleton king, my partner refused to cover! Result—one no trump!

Now, had declarer held four Clubs to the ace, the play would have been correct, as the suit was bound to clear and leave declarer a Club for entry; with three Clubs to the ace, it would have been a gamble, but not so tragically wrong. With two, it was Bridge murder! Unless the right-hand adversary had king and one only *and* obligingly covered, the hand was ruined.

Consequently, do not run the risk of blocking a suit unless you *must* get every trick therein for Contract.

Now take the converse: in the same situation, if a queen is led through you with the jack-ten visible, *do not cover with the king.* I have, before now, seen single aces fall from the partner. In any event, it is making things very easy for the opposition if you cover. More tricks are lost (and a trick, oh, how often means Contract game and rub!) by covering an honour than by failing to cover. I have seen *king to four* cover a queen led from dummy's queen-jack to *six* at no trumps! Could lunacy go further? With ten cards shown the ace *must* block the suit. You cannot promote your partner's potential ten. Just lay out the cards. The ace is either single, double, or triple with the declarer or your partner. You can gain by covering in *no case whatever*—even if declarer is bad enough to have gone no trumps chicane of a suit, in which case your partner can put you in with the king without your cover if necessary.

One good point to remember is, never to cover the first of two honours in sequence led through you from the dummy, unless your honour is doubleton and the declarer is a good enough player to lead, the second time, a low card. This is a very rare occurrence at the average Bridge club! Even if you have the ten in your own hand (say, K-10-x), cover the jack from dummy, not the queen, if the lady is led first.

I propose next week to deal further with this vital subject of covering in other positions.

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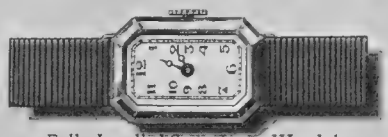

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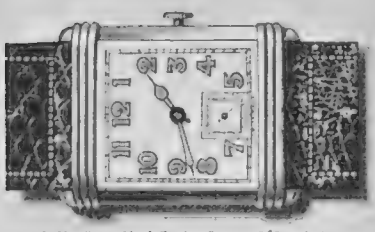
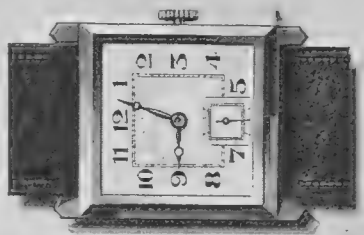


Fully Jewelled Swiss Lever Watch in 18 ct. White Gold Case, with luminous dial. £20 0 0

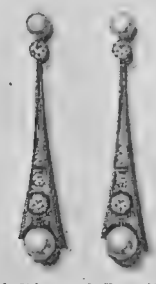


Fully Jewelled Swiss Lever Watch in
Sterling Silver Case £5 0 0
9 ct. Gold 7 10 0
18 ct. Gold 12 10 0

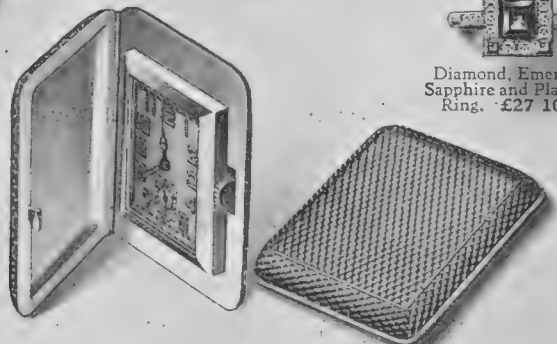
Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Brooch. £27 0 0

Diamond, Emerald and Platinum Ring. £30 0 0

Diamond, Emerald, Sapphire and Platinum Ring. £27 10 0



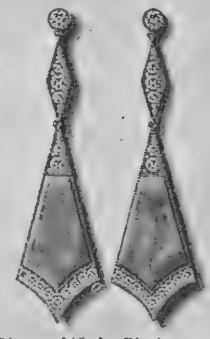
Pearl, Diamond, Rose Diamond, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Earrings. £23 10 0 per pair.



The new Slide-action Watch in

Sterling Silver, Engine-turned Case	£6 0 0
Silver, covered Leather	6 15 0
9 ct. Gold, Engine-turned	15 0 0
18 ct. Gold, Engine-turned	27 0 0

Supplied in plain cases, 5/- less.



Diamond, Jade, Platinum and 18 ct. Gold Earrings. £30 0 0 per pair.

Write for illustrated Gifts Brochure

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GUN BURST RISKS

By MAX BAKER

Keystone

Major and Mrs. Courtauld and Captain Holland braving the winter rain at the shoot held recently at Burton Park

THE recent Court decision that the user of a gun bears the full penalty of a burst, should such appear to be due to an obstruction, will rank as a Magna Carta to the gunmaker. Labour how he will to make all secure a devastating burst may provide no evidence of the promoting cause and, as in this case, may reveal a flaw in the metal, to which, naturally, all blame is ascribed. The sportsman is well aware that a plug of mud in the muzzle of his gun causes certain rupture of the metal—nothing can resist the overwhelming power of a suddenly arrested charge.

EVIDENCE of the cause is unmistakable, so that, however certain the owner may be that no obstruction could have been present, he seldom attempts to dispute the opinion arrayed against him. But when obstruction bursts occur in or near the chamber there is usually no evidence whatever of an obstruction having been present. Experts may realise that five or ten times the pressure of even a violent cartridge must have been exerted, but they can point to no local swelling of metal such as occurs when an obstruction is hit by a rapidly moving charge of shot. The conditions are those of a trebly shotted cartridge. For sportsmen it is an absolute calamity that the material lies ever handy to produce these bursts in the chamber.

A SIMPLE little 20-bore cartridge accidentally mixed with the twelves gets passed into the chamber; it lodges at the entry to the bore proper and naturally fails to fire when the trigger is next pulled. The sportsman who has been fully warned beforehand and, what is important, is alert to remember the warning, is not satisfied to see the chamber empty, but also looks down the barrel. How often have we forgotten to load? How often have we filled the chamber when seen to be vacant? Do we always verify the empty barrel? Yet the chance is about one in a million that the empty chamber was loaded with a 20-bore. Load a twelve on top and the stage is set for a certain accident, about every other involving personal damage, the left hand being usually involved. Hitherto gunmakers have lived in a species of terror due to this ever-present menace.

A MOST important customer may be sincerely convinced that he is the victim of bad workmanship or defective material, being seldom in the mood to face the hard scientific facts of the situation. Besides the 20-bore cartridge there are few alternative possibilities of obstructions at the breech. True, some sportsmen unwisely stow the joints of a cleaning rod in the barrels, hence there have been cases where they paid dearly for this effort to achieve portability. For the future the incidence of responsibility will be clear.

A DULY proved gun is now accepted as never before to possess a factor of safety covering all the variations of which cartridges in general are liable to display. It cannot resist obstruction in the chamber, and when the damage transcends normal stresses the unfortunate result must rank with the other risks of sport. No injustice is inflicted on the user. The majority are aware of this particular risk and accordingly take proper precautions to guard against it. Those who get caught have no remedy at law.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

FOOTWORK IN SHOOTING

THOUGH skill in shooting is usually attributed to keen eyesight and good co-ordination between hand and eye, a great mistake is made if footwork is ignored. Attention to all it involves begins when the stand is allotted. Should it happen to be on plough land an even platform may with advantage be smoothed down, if necessary an armful of leaves being spread as carpet. The shooting seat probably prevents motion during the early part of the beat, but if its assistance is disdained the rigid stillness of a policeman on point duty should be observed. Inconspicuous quiescence from the very start is needed. When a bird actually yours is approaching watch it without motion. If gun or body is unfavourably placed make the necessary adjustment very slowly. Firing itself is a quick process—like the others—performed with economy of motion, that is, get on by the nearest route and don't prolong swing. The feet should be rather close together, the weight forward. Change of front is effected by bringing one or other foot behind its companion, a very slight movement supplementing the half circle that ankle to spine can twist the shoulders. To summarise: Let legs and body work easy, put the fire into the shooting.

Wide World

Members of the shooting party given by the Earl of Malmesbury at Heron Court, Christchurch. The group shows Sir George Cooper (left), Lady Wraxall, Mr. Oliver Hoare, Lady Cynthia Colville, Mrs. Humphrey Stucley, the Hon. George Colville, Lady Malmesbury, Sir Edward Goschen, Lord Wraxall, Lady Canielupe, Sir George Jeffreys, Major Gordon and Lord Malmesbury

SECOND-HAND GUNS

HAMMERLESS EJECTORS

PURDEY ..	Pair 12-bore ..	£140	PURDEY ..	12-bore ..	£45
HOLLAND ..	Pair 12-bore ..	£125	HOLLAND ..	12-bore ..	£35
BOSS	Pair 12-bore ..	£95	BOSS	12-bore ..	£35
WOODWARD	Pair 12-bore ..	£105	GRANT ..	12-bore ..	£30
COGSWELL	Pair 12-bore ..	£70	COGSWELL	12-bore ..	£20
GRANT ..	Pair 12-bore ..	£60	WESTLEY R.	12-bore ..	£25
EVANS ..	Pair 12-bore ..	£45	GREENER .	12-bore ..	£25
PATSTONE	Pair 12-bore ..	£60	EVANS ..	12-bore ..	£23
ATKIN ..	Pair 12-bore ..	£85	VICKERS ..	12-bore .	£16

We also have a large stock of 16, 20, 28 & 410's
EJECTORS & NON-EJECTORS from £10.
Suitable for ladies or boys.

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HOW TO SHOOT

By ROBERT CHURCHILL.

HOW TO SHOOT comes nearer to supplying exactly the information required by shooting men than any other book. The author is a gunmaker whose practical hints, whether appertaining to the gun or its use, embody facts and instances personally gathered by contact with shooters. "How to Shoot" is a compendium of the hints given during thousands of shooting lessons.

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WALKING SHOE
GIVES PERFECT COMFORT

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READY TO WEAR
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BLACK AND BROWN
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This New Model Remington possesses many Special and Unique Features. It is obtainable in several two-toned colour effects, thus making exceptionally pleasing and valuable Christmas Gifts. Write for full particulars:

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Very small . . . very shapely . . . yet accurate as a watch, strong as a motor-car. Suggesting rather the Jeweller than the Tobacconist, yet obtainable at both. Unfailing in efficiency. The instant Mylady's finger presses the button, that same instant is a clean flame born. The only lighter that is at home in a smart woman's handbag. The lighter for those who want deeds as well as elegance.

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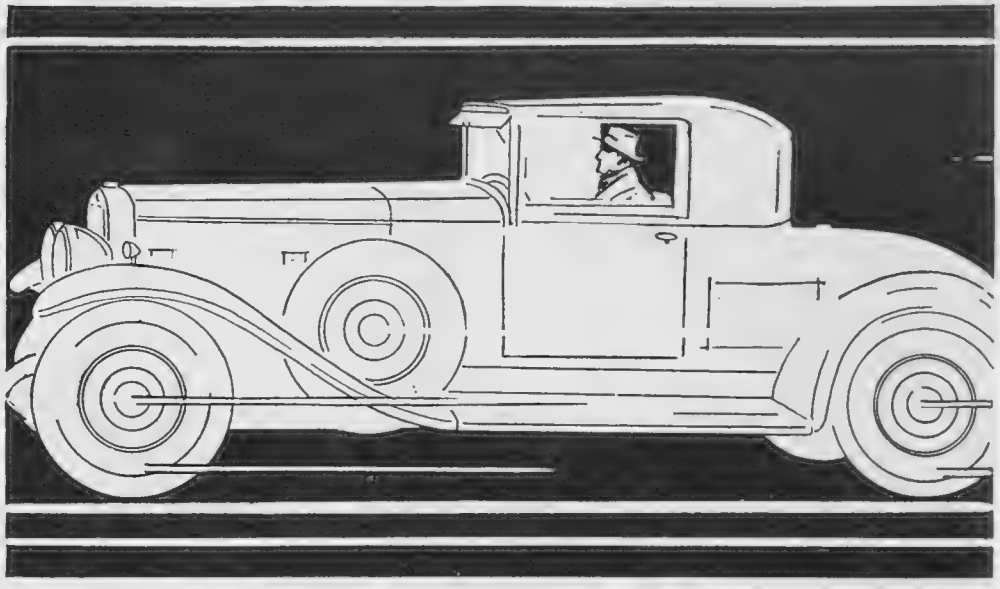
REFRIGERATING A CAR!

IN the research laboratories at the Franklin factory, Franklin engines are put into a refrigerating chamber.
The temperature is 30° below zero!
Below zero, mind you, not merely below freezing!
They are left in that intense Arctic cold for 12 hours.
At the end of that time they must start at once.
Isn't that the sort of car you want for the coming Winter? One you can park for hours in the severest frost without a moment's anxiety?
Now is the time to buy a Franklin.
Let others pay for frost-fractured radiators and water jackets!

FRANKLIN FEATURES

6 cylinder, air cooled
Flexible chassis
Full elliptic springs
50 m.p.h. in silent second speed
Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes
Hydraulic-controlled suspension
Prices from £730
(There are 16 standard models available)



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REGENT MOTORS LIMITED, 12, New Burlington Street, London, W.1
Sole British Concessionnaires for the Franklin Automobile Company.
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THE CHARM OF CRYSTAL

THERE seems to be a decided revival in the vogue of contemporary English cut crystal glass. Old pieces have never lost their place in the heart of the collector, but contemporary products have been for a time under a cloud. Certainly many modern pieces have claims to distinction which deserve the attention of all connoisseurs interested in the acquisition of fine examples of craftsmanship.

SEVERAL English firms are still producing excellent specimens of the glassmaker's art as exemplified in crystal glassware. They are made in the traditional way, in shapes and styles developing naturally from the past to meet the exigencies and the taste of to-day.

THIS development is a continuous thing. The grape-fruit glass, for instance, recent as its introduction was, has already undergone modifications. Earlier specimens are about three times as deep and twice as large across as the dainty glasses of to-day with their saucer feet. The most recent examples are of a striking austerity in shape and ornamentation, having but a few crossed facets simply disposed round a plain bowl.

CUT glass has been adapted to the now almost universal electric light. Desk and table lamps in cut crystal, fitted with the necessary wiring and adorned with shades, also of cut crystal, produce a very rich effect of gleaming light which is specially happy in a somewhat sombre room.

Another new development of glass-making is the production of sets for the smoker, consisting of bowls for tobacco, ash trays, cigarette holders, and small, dainty, variously shaped vessels to hold matches.

IT is, of course, by candlelight that the full charm of cut glass comes out. Then its brilliant clarity and the rich, flashing colours refracted by its facets show to perfection. A dinner table laid with shining silver and sparkling glass is a refreshing and vitalising sight, and makes the simplest meal bewitching, even to a jaded palate, as readily as it enhances the enjoyment to be derived from the choicest food and wines.

For this reason many people nowadays are reverting to candlelight for the hour of dinner, and to add still further to the vivacity of their tables they place the candles themselves—dipped ones of delicate colours, apple-green, pale salmon, or old gold—in cut crystal candlesticks of varying height.

An electric table lamp and shade in cut crystal, which, when lighted, gives a delightfully warm effect to the most sombre room. This is but one style of many table and desk lamps now available in English cut glass

THE lover of good wine knows that the best vintages gain in flavour and in tone when drunk from the finest crystal. There is something about the hard, brittle metal, with its coolness and fragility, which seems to bring a more delicate bouquet to the rarest vintages.

The range of sizes in glasses for wines, liqueurs, and other drinks is bewildering. A glass cocktail shaker with matching glasses is a novelty, and attractive in that it allows the fascinating colours of the liquid to be visible during the interesting process of shaking. And from the before-dinner sherry to the after-dinner port there are wineglasses in designs to attract the most fastidious.

One very pleasing set has a bowl in the shape of a thistle, moulded and cut at the base of the bowl, delicately engraved in a flower design between the moulding and the rim.

DESIGNS in engraving are as bewildering in their variety as are the uses to which faceting is put. Some engravers' designs are taken from Nature—a bee, a basket of roses, a bunch of chrysanthemums, or a bird will serve the expert craftsman for a hundred different combinations and permutations. Other engravers employ geometric figures or formal designs, many of them traditional.

Some of the most elaborate examples of engraving are to be found on vases, both large and small. On this page is illustrated an attractively shaped bowl for flowers or fruit with an engraving showing deer on a mountain slope. Every little line and detail is clearly visible as the work of an individual touch.

This handsome cut-glass bowl, engraved with a Highland scene, is a fine example of the modern glassworker's art. It would make an admirable receptacle for flowers or fruit

OCCASIONALLY one sees a remarkable piece of glass cameo work. In one rare piece having a basis of green glass with an overlay of white, the white has been cut away with little delicate jabs to form a scene in the Antarctic regions. Seals, polar bears, and penguins disport themselves amid icebergs in Antarctic seas. But such vases are museum pieces, and not for the average lover of glass.

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

in English cut—hand made CRYSTAL—by

THOS. WEBB & SONS — EST. 1837

PROPRIETORS: WEBBS CRYSTAL GLASS CO., LTD.

43489

43489 Sugar and Cream.

	Price
Grape Fruit, 43489 ..	6/– each
Pêche Melba, small size	5/6 ,,
Sugar, 43489	4/6 .
Cream ,, ...	4/6 ,,
	9/– pair

Salad 43868

Soda Tumbler. ½-Pt. Tumbler. Champagne. Claret. Liqueur.

SUITE No. 43895.

	Price		Price
Sherry	100/– doz.	Ice Plate	200/– doz.
Port	100/– ,,	Cocktails	120/– ,,
Claret	120/– ,,	½-Pt. Tumbler ..	114/– ,,
Champagne, Tall or S.B.	150/– ,,	Soda Tumbler ..	175/– ,,
Goblet	175/– ,,	Champagne Tumbler, ¼-Pt.	100/– ,,
Liqueur	92/– ,,	Quart Decanter ..	66/– ea.
Finger	200/– ,,	½-Pt. Decanter ..	33/– ,,

42367 5" Sweet Dish

42250 4" Sweet Dish

SWEET DISHES.

Size	42367 Price	42250 Price
3" ..	3/3 ..	3/– ea.
4" ..	3/9 ..	3/9 ,,
5" ..	4/6 ..	4/6 ,,
6" ..	7/– ..	7/– ,,

43469 43844 43845

BEER MUGS.

	Price
43469	9/6 ea.
43844	7/6 ,,
43845	8/6 ,,

ASH TRAY 43870
Price 3/6 ea.

17" Lamp ◊ 2816. Salad Bowl 43867. Grape Fruit 43865. Sugar and Cream 43866. ◊ 2816.

Size	Price
12" ..	£5/12/0
15" ..	£6/8/6
17" ..	£7/10/0

	Price
Salad 43868, 8" ..	22/– ea.
,, ,, 9" ..	25/6 ,,
,, 43867, 8" ..	18/6 ,,
,, ,, 9" ..	23/6 ,,

	Price
Grape Fruit, 43865 ..	7/– ea.
Pêche Melba, small size ..	6/6 ,,
Sugar Bowl, 43866 ..	5/9 ,,
Cream, 43866	4/6 ,,
Sugar Bowl and Cream ..	10/3 pair.

43478

43846

BON BON DISHES.

	Size	Price
43478	Comport, 5"	8/– ea.
43846	,, 5"	6/6 ,,

WHISKEY SET 43483

	Price
Decanter	42/6 ea.
Quart Jug	24/– ,,
Goblet	7/– ,,
The Set for six Persons ..	£5/8/6

VASE 43812 43814

Size	43812 Price	43814 Price
6" ..	32/6 ..	15/6 ea.
8" ..	41/– ..	22/6 ,,
10" ..	50/– ..	29/6 ,,
12" ..	63/– ..	37/6 ,,

YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS IS ON PAGE 614

THOS. WEBB & SONS — EST. 1837

PROPRIETORS: WEBBS CRYSTAL GLASS CO., LTD.

See the name on every piece

"Webb"

(Regd. Trade Mark)

12" Size.

VASE 43495

Size	Price
6"	28/6 ea.
8"	34/6 ,,
10"	42/- ,,
12"	49/6 ,,

VASE 43494

Size	Price
6"	16/- ea
8"	21/- ,,
10"	28/6 ,,
12"	37/6 ,,

8" Size. 43815

10" Size 43487.

43815 CENTRE BOWLS 43487

Size	Price	Size	Price
6"	26/6 ea.	6"	35/- ea.
8"	40/- ,,	8"	54/6 ,,
10"	66/6 ,,	10"	76/- ,,

7½" Size 9" Size

43470. CENTRE BOWLS 43419

Size	Price	Size	Price
7½"	28/6 ea.	7½"	30/- ea.
9"	47/6 ,,	9"	49/6 ,,
10"	66/6 ,,	10"	67/6 ,,

The smaller sizes of these Bowls are suitable for celery.

LIQUEUR SET 43496.

	Price
Liqueur Glass	7/6 ea
Liqueur Decanter	30/- ,,
Tray	12/- ,,
The Set	90/- ,,

43475 43476

TOILET BOTTLES

	Size	Price
43475,	6½"	13/- ea.
43476,	6½"	13/6 ,,

43787 43785

43784

The "FAN" Cigarette Stand.

The "BRIDGE" Ash Tray.

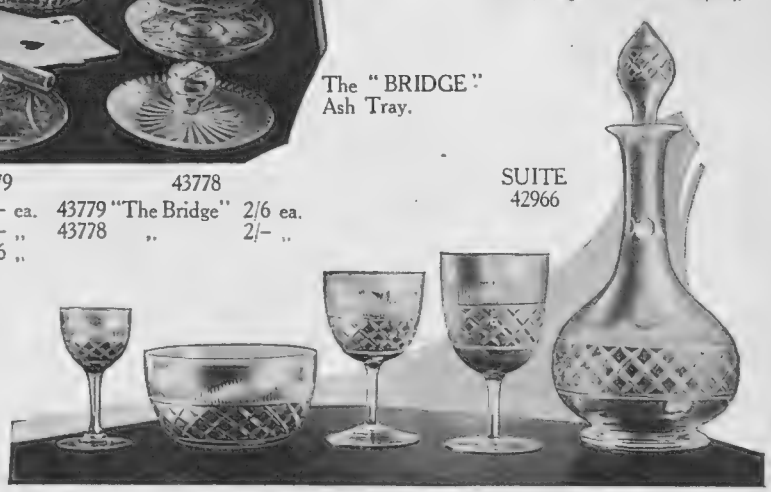
43779 43778

43784	"The Fan"	8/- ea.	43779	"The Bridge"	2/6 ea.
43785	,,	8/- ,,	43778	,,	2/- ,,
43787	,,	6/6 ,,			

43490 Honeys 43863

Sandwich Tray 43488 43862 Honeys 43491

SUITE 42966



Liqueur. Finger. Claret. Goblet. Qt. Decanter.

	Price		Price		Price		Price		Price
43490	4/3 ea.	43862	4/6 ea.	Sherry	32/- doz.	Champagne	48/- doz.	½-Pt. Tumbler	36/- doz.
43863	4/6 ,,	43491	4/- ,,	Port	32/- ,,	Goblet	54/- ,,	Quart Decanter	24/- ea.
43488 Sandwich Tray	49/6 ,,			Claret	40/- ,,	Finger	75/- ,,	Quart Jug	18/9 ,,

YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS IS ON PAGE 614

THOS. WEBB & SONS — EST. 1837

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Civil Service Supply Assoc., Ltd., 136-142, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, and 423-426, Strand, W.C.2.
Henry Glave, Ltd., 80-104, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.
Harrods, Ltd., Brompton Road, S.W.1.
E. S. Hill & Co. (1929), Ltd., Hairdressers, 23, Old Bond Street, W.1.
Lawleys, Ltd., 154, Regent Street, W.1.
Maple & Co., Ltd., Tottenham Court Road, W.1.
Marshall & Snelgrove (Debenhams Ltd.), Oxford Street, W.1.
Soane & Smith, Ltd., 27, Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W.3.
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,,	Lawleys, Ltd., 20, Milsom Street.
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,,	Lawleys, Ltd., 3, Smallbrook Street.
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,,	Miller & Franklyn, 36, St. Leonards Road.
BLANDFORD	L. J. Stickland, Market Place.
BOURNEMOUTH	J. J. Allen, Ltd., The Quadrant.
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BOGNOR	S. Piper, 53, High Street.
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CANTERBURY	Court Bros., Ltd., China & Glass Dept., Burgate Street.
CARDIFF	Cross Bros., Ltd., St. Mary's St. and Church St.
CHELTENHAM	S. H. Nixon, Porcelain House, Promenade.
CHESTER	Francis & Co., The Gift Shop, Specialists in Porcelain & Cut Glass, 18, St. Michael's Row
CHICHESTER	S. Piper, 12, Southgate.
COLCHESTER	G. Chambers & Sons, 11, Head Street.
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DORCHESTER	J. T. Godwin, Glass & China Stores
DOUGLAS, I.O.M.	J. Clague, The Strand.
EASTBOURNE	Wm. Bruford & Son, Ltd., 132, Terminus Road
,,	Dale & Kerley, Ltd., 1, 1a and 3, Terminus Road, and 32, 34 and 36, Seaside Road.
,,	W. H. Forty & Co., 106, South Street.
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,,	R. P. Carmichael & Co., Ltd., 8, 8a, 9 and 10, George Street.
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,,	W. Litherland & Co., Ltd., 23-25, Bold Street.
,,	A. & A. Ogg, 253, Liscard Road, Liscard
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LUTON	R. Chambers, Ltd., 49, George Street.
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MORECAMBE	Kitching's, 11, The Crescent.
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE	Bainbridge & Co., Ltd., 22-28, Bigg Market.
,, ,,	Townsend & Co., Etruscan Rooms, Northumberland Street
NEWPORT, Mon.	John Ciceri & Son, Ltd., 35, Commercial Street.
,,	L. R. Crouch, Gold and Silver Smiths, 45, High Street.
NORWICH	Buntings, Ltd., Warehousemen.
,,	Loose's, Ltd., 23-25, Magdalen Street.
NOTTINGHAM	G. W. Darby, 30, Market Street.
PAIGNTON, Devon	Church's China Stores, 19, Palace Avenue.
,, ,,	Mortimer Ricks, Victoria Street
PLYMOUTH	Lawleys, Ltd., 48, George Street.
PRESTON	E. W. Gardner, 44, Fishergate
READING	Bracher & Sydenham, Gold and Silver Smiths, 30 and 30a, Queen Victoria Street.
REDHILL, Surrey	R. Nicol & Sons, Ltd., Market Place.
ROYSTON, Herts	J. Course & Son, Clock House.
RUTHIN	M. & E. F. Roberts, Beswick House, 9, Well St
RYDE, I.O.W	Mew Bros., The Island Shop for China & Glass, 37, Union Street. ('Phone 78.)
SALISBURY	H. J. Annetts (late Geo. Hill & Sons), China & Glass Showrooms, Poultry Cross
SCARBOROUGH	Marshall & Snelgrove (Marshalls Ltd), St. Nicholas Street.
SHEFFIELD	J. F. Darley & Son, 183-187, The Moor.
SHREWSBURY	G. Mitchell & Son, 15, Pride Hill.
SOUTHAMPTON	Payne & Son, Ltd., China & Glass Warehouse, 148, High Street.
SOUTHSEA	J. P. Yale, 28a, Elm Grove.
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ST. ANNES-ON-SEA	Samuel Williams, 10, The Square.
STOKE-ON-TRENT	Geo. Fleet & Co., Ltd., House Furnishers.
STONE, Staffs	T. G. Adie & Co., Stationers, etc., High Street
SUTTON, Surrey	W. I. Holt, Glass & China Stores
TORQUAY	D. J. Allams & Sons, The Rotunda, Torwood Street.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.	Phillip Peters, Ltd., Opera House China Shop.
WELSHPOOL.	S. J. O'Hare, 35, Broad Street.
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA	R. Havens, 138-140, Hamlet Court Road.
WOKING	A. Meeks, 3, Chobham Road.
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DENNIS WORKS — STOURBRIDGE — ENGLAND

FLYING NOTES

NEW 'PLANES AND CLUBS

Mr. S. A. Thorn, the "Cirrus" test pilot, with Mr. J. V. Holman and the Hermes Avian

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The £ s. d. of Flying

THE lecture on "Flying and Maintenance from the Owner's Point of View," given before the Royal Aeronautical Society by Sq.-Ldr. H. M. Probyn, D.S.O., contained so many useful hints that I can strongly recommend those who missed it to put their names down for a copy of the Society's journal when published. As a pilot of many years' experience and a keen student of the ways and means of private flying, the lecturer's facts and opinions should be of interest to thousands of potential owners, particularly as he is not interested in any manufacturing concern. His estimate of 6½d. per mile for a yearly average of 12,000 miles on the ordinary two-seater light 'plane as we know it to-day, includes £130 for depreciation as well as the charges for insurance, garage, fuel, oil, maintenance, and the C. of A. This is a higher figure than that worked out by other private owners, but when one considers that the running cost of a 14 h.p. car is about 5½d. a mile and a thirty-foot motor cruiser costs about £200 a year to operate, it is no exaggeration to say that the light 'plane is already within the means of thousands of people.

A Club for Bucks, Berks and Oxon

THIS club was formed some months ago, and it has now taken on a new lease of life under the wings of N.F.S. Miss L. Cribb is the hon. secretary and Captain G. A. Pennington the chief instructor. There are two Cirrus Moths with slotted wings, and two more are available as soon as flying membership warrants it. The club is operating at Woodley Aerodrome, Reading, where a row of private "lock-ups" is being built for owners' machines, the first of which is a Coupé Moth, belonging to Miss Shillington. Mr. W. A. Richardson was the first soloist, taking the plunge after six days' training and his "A" licence in 12 days. The entrance fee for flying members is 3 guineas and 3 guineas subscription, with a guinea in each case for those who are content to stay on the ground for the time being.

Light 'Plane News

THE Desoutter Sports has passed all the tests at Martlesham with its tail well up, and can be tried out at Croydon or Hanworth Park by anyone interested. It has a genuine cruising speed of 95, and can climb to 4,000ft. in six minutes with full load. Its non-stalling qualities and the comfort of piloting from an enclosed cabin must be experienced to be appreciated. Henlys, of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, with an aerodrome at Addington, near Croydon, have organised themselves for big business in aircraft, which will be sold outright if possible, or on the plain van delivery system if not, or even exchanged in part or in whole for a car. A new type of low wing monoplane, known as the "Hendy Hobo," has been built at Shoreham. It is a single-seater, with an A.B.C. "Scorpion" engine, and should have a distinct appeal to those who want a cheap runabout.

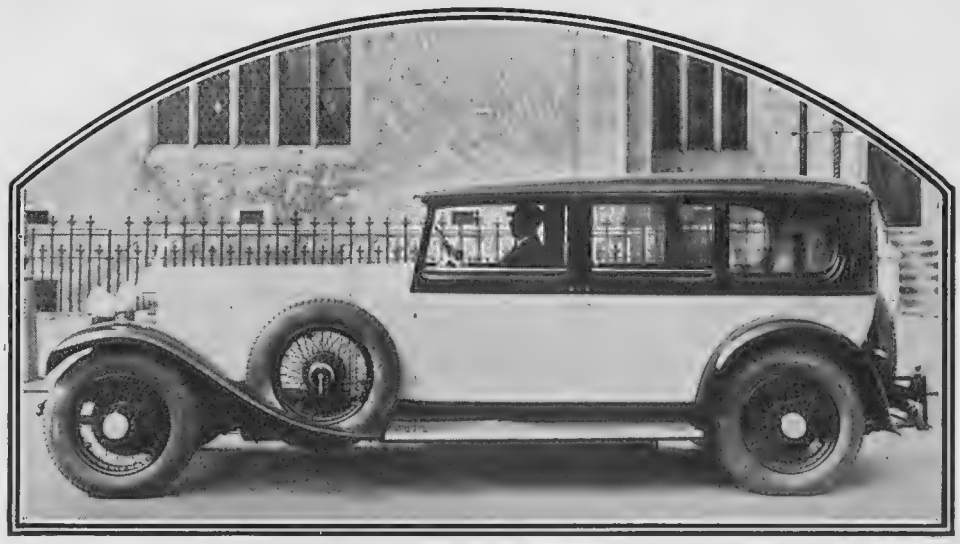
Local Events

THE Nottingham Club is rumoured to be joining forces with National Flying Services, and the new municipal aerodrome at Tollerton, already in use, is to be the headquarters. A club is under way at Plymouth, where the difficulty is rather that of getting an aerodrome and not that of obtaining members. The Roborough polo ground, with the addition of a field alongside, has often been used by pilots, but the complete island site must be cleared before instruction can be given with safety. In the meantime that sportsman, Mr. W. R. Parkhouse, is assisting the formation of the club, and his excellent aerodrome at Teignmouth could very well be made a base for the time being. Captain Davis and his staff took over from Lt.-Col. G. L. P. Henderson at Brooklands just over a year ago, since which date the new concern, "The Brooklands School of Flying," has most decidedly made good. More than 1,000 hours' instruction has been given and 8,000 passengers carried exclusive of pupils. In addition, 40 pupils have gained their "A" licences.

Some R.A.F. officers photographed whilst on a busman's holiday at Yeovil. They are seen beside a Westland IV limousine

MOTOR NOTES

MOTORISTS ON TWO WHEELS



The embodiment of grace and power. A Phantom II Rolls-Royce ready for the road

By E. M. Wright

IN view of the fact that with this article there appears an illustration of a Rolls-Royce limousine, I am, in the presence of such magnificence, a little diffident about referring to machines, some of which cost under £20 new. Such, however, is the level to which motor cycle prices have been reduced. The motorist accustomed to four-wheelers (modern variety) who happened to visit the Motor Cycle Show at Olympia last week must have rubbed his eyes and stared in amazement. Value for money is one of the clichés of motor salesmanship. The motorist thinks he gets it; but it is the motor cyclist who knows the real meaning of the phrase.

***

JUST as cars range from babies to luxury vehicles, from utility cars to super sports models, so in exactly the same way you may classify the various types of motor cycle. Every size and class was represented at Olympia, from little babies of 1.7 h.p. to super sports outfits of 10 nominal horse-power costing over £150 and capable of a performance with which only a high-power sports car could hope to vie. Of these, of course, just as in the car world, babies have the greatest scope, for in spite of all the coroners' courts in the world, the vast majority of motor cyclists have no lust for sheer speed. They are utility riders. They want durability and low running costs. And the baby solo machine undoubtedly gives it them, for it is the only available means of motoring that is actually cheaper than going by bus or train.

***

AND, talking of running costs, the figures for an average motor cycle will make the average motorist's mouth water. The tax on the average machine, for instance, is only 30s. a year. If you add a sidecar to the outfit it is not very much more; while the three-wheeled cycle-car, which officially is not a motor car, pays but a beggarly £4. The lowest possible tax, be it noted, for a four-wheeled motor car is £6, and in actual fact the lowest taxed car on the market pays £7. Petrol consumption and running costs generally are on the same low level as the tax. Motoring (four-wheel variety) is within the power of anyone with moderate means, but motor cycling is possible to almost anyone above the "Bread line."

***

ONE of the arguments urged against motor cycling is that it is so unsociable, though, incidentally, he who argues thus will possibly be the first to cry out against the prevalence of pillion riding. I shall not embark on such a controversial subject here; but the motor cyclist need not ride alone, for he can always fit a sidecar. Nowadays this can actually be more comfortably sprung than many a light car, because there is more room for the springs. All the aids to comfort, too, that have been incorporated in modern motor body construction find their counterpart in a sidecar. It can be fitted, for instance, with a safety glass windscreen; and a collapsible roof will provide all-weather comfort. It is by no means necessary to have a high-powered machine if you want to run a sidecar outfit. Some are so lightly made that they can be pulled by ridiculously small machines. If, on the other hand, you want luxury, you can have it and can buy salonettes at over £150.

***

THE Austin Motor Co., Ltd., are now recommending one oil only on the filler cap of all their cars. Their choice is that old favourite, Mobiloil "BB," one of the best-known products of the Vacuum Oil Co., Ltd.

Jack Hobbs, the famous cricketer, beside his new car. It is a 16 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam

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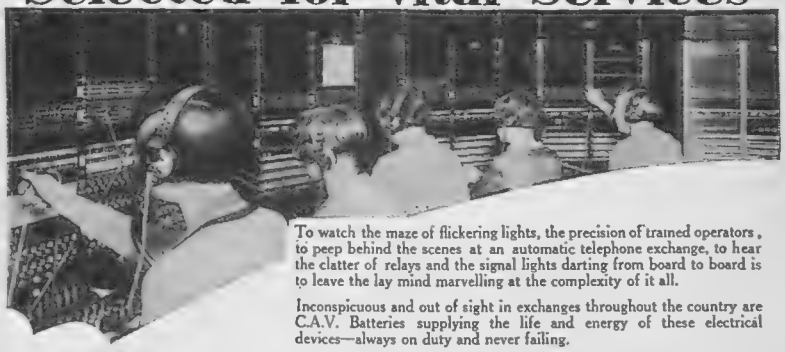

To watch the maze of flickering lights, the precision of trained operators, to peep behind the scenes at an automatic telephone exchange, to hear the clatter of relays and the signal lights darting from board to board is to leave the lay mind marvelling at the complexity of it all.

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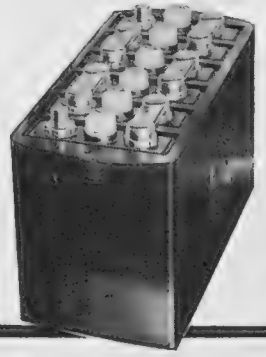

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE LAST (?) OF THE WAR BOOKS

By Ralph Straus

PERSONALLY I do not think that I ever want to read a war-novel again, and next year, I hope, the propagandists and the "unprofessional writers" and the rest of them will have found less gory fields to explore. At the same time, I admit, not all the fronts have passed through the literary sieve. Is there, for instance, a first-rate British novel, decently uncensored, of the home front? Yet surely that ought to appeal to women quite as much as the ones recently published? And it is the women, of course, who have turned these war-books into best-sellers.

MEANWHILE there *is* a new war-book, which you really should read. *Siberian Garrison* (Peter Davies: 8*s.* 6*d.*) is unlike any other that I have seen. There is little actual fighting in its curious pages, it does not make a point of probing into the beastliest details, although it is quite plain-spoken enough, and its background is agreeably unfamiliar. And although I may not agree with the publishers in thinking it a literary masterpiece, I am not surprised to hear that it is now appearing in nine different languages. For it has the weirdest story to tell, which leaves you wondering about many things besides war.

THE author, M. Rodion Markovits, is a Hungarian Doctor of Law, who, however, seems to have made writing his chief profession. During the War he was taken prisoner by the Russians and sent to Siberia. Then two years ago he began writing this book for a Transylvanian newspaper with a microscopic circulation. The newspaper suddenly became popular, and when the book first appeared in Budapest "everybody" rushed to buy it. It became the latest "sensation," and sensational it undoubtedly is.

NOW were a professional soldier to write a war-novel, you would doubtless hear much of the slackers and the cowards, but they would probably do no more than take their place amongst the other "minor horrors" of war. Markovits writes as a civilian, and his hero is a cilivian who soon learns that on active service, as in business, it does not pay to be too quixotic. You must be prepared to do as others do, even if it comes to a little bribery and a great deal of corruption. And so we see, first, bits of this queer civilian army doing "important" jobs behind the lines whenever it is possible and leaving the professionals to carry on as best they can at the front.

EVEN those behind, however, occasionally came to grief, and the unnamed hero is captured by the enemy. He is at the time merely a cadet, but very wisely sews the requisite stars on to his uniform and so comes to commissioned rank. This is a help, but not quite so helpful as it might have been. For if prison camps in Germany were not exactly havens of comfort, Siberian prison camps must have been dreadful. And the poor wretches within them could not even return when the rest of the world was at peace. They had hoped for much from the Revolution, but conditions after the Tsar's abdication became even worse.

VICTOR MACCLURE

The author of the thriller, "The Crying Pig Murder," reviewed on this page. A versatile writer, Mr. MacClure now has a serial running in the "Daily Express"

AND this is the interesting thing about Markovits's book: it is not merely a vivid account of prison life, it is a startling commentary on civilisation. He goes into the most painful details, but so do the other writers. He says things which the last generation would have found much too ghastly to be printed; but so do they. Unlike the others, however, Markovits makes you understand what are the real props of a modern civilisation. He shows you a queer little world, not at all disorderly, yet almost frightful, emerging from what had once been a few thousand prisoners of war. He shows you German officers, who in the old days would rather have died than do five minutes' manual labour, reduced literally to selling their shirts, and he shows you privates using their business acumen in order to become the overlords of this strange new world. It is an extraordinary transformation. The War, of course, was responsible, but any other catastrophe might well have led to much the same thing.

YES, this is certainly a book to be read. I found it in parts a little confused, but that may be due to the translation, excellent though this seems to be. It would have been better, I fancy, if the author had allowed his hero to possess a name, for the ubiquitous "he" does not invariably refer to him. And once in the furthermost camp "he" temporarily disappears. This, however, is a minor point, and will not spoil your enjoyment of a most singular and weirdly attractive book.

BUT, once again, good-bye to all that. What other books are there to be recommended? I found Netta Syrett's *Portrait of a Rebel* (Blas: 7*s.* 6*d.*) interesting, if only because it gives such a finished picture of Victorian times. An old lady dies at eighty-six. People have a vague idea that once on a time she was quite well known. Then who was she and what did she do? And why had she never married? Well, Pamela's story is not without its drama. What she did might not be considered so dreadful to-day, but in the 'fifties young ladies were kept well in hand. They could not live in flats by themselves and go to night-clubs like Sylvia Ferrol, the heroine of Mr. Victor MacClure's thriller, *The Crying Pig Murder* (Harrap: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Of this book I was told by a man who must read a detective story every day that the surprise at the end was about the biggest he had ever received. I had a suspicion of the truth in the first chapter, and it slowly grew into a certainty. But there are some good things in this pleasantly written story.

I DO not often mention verse, but I commend to your attention *Ann's Book* (Medici Society: 6*s.*), in which Karl Pearson has collaborated with his daughter Jacynth. The pencil drawings are charming, and the verse of a kind which mothers will like to read aloud to their children.

THE WORTHINGTON KENNEL CLUB

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Shrap, blue cocker. Pedigree as long as his ears. Bred at The Manor but brought up at The Lodge. Steady, and quick to pick things up ; and—true to his breeding—thinks and lives and dreams in terms of shootin', more shootin' and nothing much else but shootin'. Exhibited weekly by his master, The Head Keeper. Nice fellow, but not the talkative sort. Comes in at midday and says "Well?" Gets up from his chair at a quarter to one and says "Well, Shrap . . . . ." Between times says "Well, boss?" and *that* means "Another Worthington, landlord; and have one with me!"

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR KIDDIES

THERE are few gifts more acceptable to a boy than a really good book to his own liking, and in this category may be placed *The Scout's Life of Baden-Powell*, by W. J. Batchelder and David Balfour (Wm. Collins: 5*s*. net). This is an enthralling narrative of true adventure, which not only fully describes the early life of Lord Baden-Powell and his South African campaigns, but the history of the great Scout movement from its foundation in 1908 up to the Jamboree of 1929. Another good book is *The Book of Ships*, by Ernest Protheroe (Wm. Collins: 6*s*. net). This most interesting and instructive book, in company with many beautiful illustrations, carries the reader through the ages from the coracle, a crude boat used by the Ancient Britons, to the modern Leviathan of the present day.

For those boys who are endowed with the love of adventure, the following books may be recommended: *With the British Legion*, by G. A. Henty (Blackie: 3*s*. 6*d*. net); *Captain Starlight*, by Percy Westerman (Blackie: 3*s*. 6*d*. net); The Road to *Mandalay*, by Major J. T. Gorman (Blackie: 5*s*. net); *A Young Virginian*, by Escott Lynn (Chambers: 5*s*. net); *The Further Adventures of Jungle John*, by John Budden (Longmans: 6*s*. net); and *Heroic Deeds of Great Men*, by Alfred Miles and C. Sheridan Jones (Raphael Tuck). Through all these stories, though they tell of different peoples in different epochs, there runs the spirit and glamour of adventure which so thrills the youthful mind.

Each Christmas brings in the usual influx of school stories, and in their number appear *Captains of Greyminster*, by Hylton Cleaver (Wm. Collins: 6*s*. net); *Play Up, Tigers*, by Herbert Havens, (Wm. Collins: 6*s*. net); *A Waiting Game*, by J. Havilton (Blackie: 3*s*. 6*d*. net); and *The Third Robin Featherstone*, by L. C. Douthwaite (Chambers: 3*s*. 6*d*. net).

SCHOOL stories are always interesting, and Cassells have published *The Fifth Form Adventurers*, and another, *Two in the Bush*, which is an adventure yarn of the Australian Bush (3*s*. 6*d*.). *The Rivals of the Châlet School*, *High Jinks at Priory School* (Chambers: 3*s*. 6*d*.). *Hilda at School*, *The Guide Adventurers* (Blackie: 2*s*. 6*d*.). *In Wind and Mud and Rain*, *Fables from Æsop* (Blackie: 1*s*. 6*d*.). *Jen of the Abbey School* is a story of school life.

A very large, thick book has come to us from Collins which, when unwrapped, we discovered to our delight was *The Fairy Tales of Grimm and Andersen*. The stories of "Hansel and Grethel," "The Miller's Daughter," "Rapunzel," "The Goose Girl," "The Shoes which were Danced to Pieces," are as fascinating as ever.

The Abbey Girls at Home, *The New Centre Forward* (Collins). These are stories mostly of school life—of the adventures of youth and the friendships formed.

Tucks have published a charming series of Tiny books of fairy tales: *Thumbelina*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, and *The Goose Girl*, all illustrated by Mabel Lucie Attwell, whose pictures children simply love.

In Papingay's Caravan is sure to appeal to every young reader. It tells of the adventures of Mr. Papingay, Robin, Penny, Aunt Muffin, and the Fat Boy, and how they meet the peculiar people who inhabit a caravan. This book, by Marion St. John Webb, has forty illustrations by Frank Rogers, and is large enough to while away many evenings. (Collins: 6*s*.) *Henry Heatherkins*, by Olwen Bowen, will delight kiddies, for it is a story of Heatherkins, a fascinating goblin who lives in the enchanted realm of moorland, with his friends Bunnie Black, Gertie Grasssnake, Willie Weasel, and Squire Squirrel. (Collins: 6*s*.).

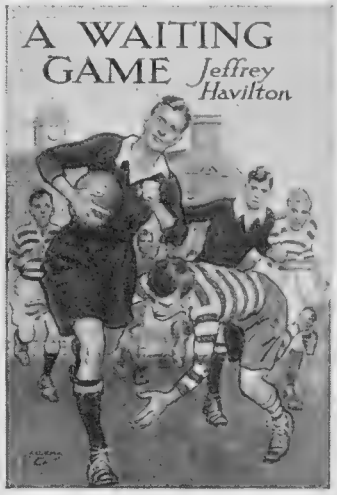
The Tot and Tim Annual has an interesting Christmasy cover, and the inside is even more intriguing, for there are charming stories, verse, and heaps of bright pictures that children will love. (Collins: 3*s*. 6*d*.)

Blackie's Children's Annual is full of amusing stories and pictures, and also has a little playlet called "Snow-white and the Seven Dwarfs," by Charlotte Druitt-Cole. It contains a wonderful picture of "The Ship of Dreams," by Anna Anderson (5*s*.).

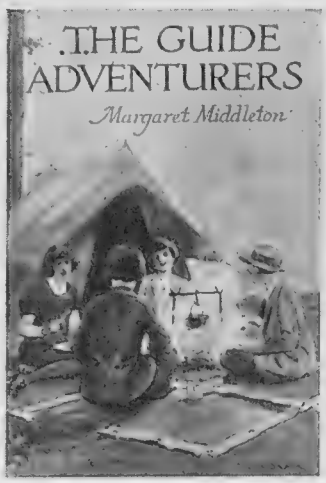
The Girls' Annual is suitable for older girls, with its varied stories. It includes an interesting article by Eleanor E. Helme on "The Makings of a Golfer." The illustrations are very tasteful. (Blackie: 5*s*.).

Tucks have sent us a copy of *Little People's Annual*. As well as stories and pictures a charming little song is included.

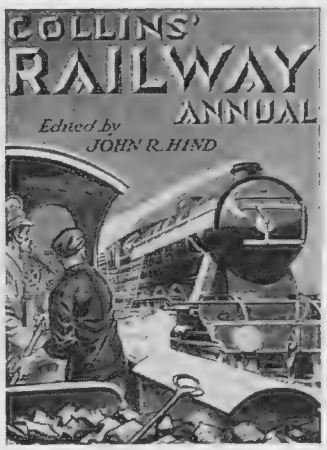
DEAN'S have contrived to make this Christmas even jollier than last with their soft cuddley dolls, which are varied in type. At parties a very rakish Mother Goose (4*s*. 6*d*.), with a green hat on one eye and a plaid shawl on her shoulders, will doubtless walk and talk with Big Father Giraffe (6*s*. 6*d*.), a very long-necked, spotted animal doll—for both can waddle and squeak most amusingly. When the party is over and the little ones go to bed, give them Bright eyed Bunnikins (5*s*. 6*d*.), all dressed in soft red velvet, to cuddle on the pillow, and all fears of the bogy will be gone—or Dicky Dack (4*s*. 6*d*.), who is one of those confiding though rather unhappy-looking dogs, of which Dismal Desmond was the first and greatest . . . and that reminds me, don't forget that Desmond has been turned by the fairies into a *Cheerful Desmond*, and now he has a happy smile on his handsome doggy face. He costs only 5*s*.



An illustration showing one of the many gripping incidents to be found in "A Waiting Game" (Blackie: 3/6 net)

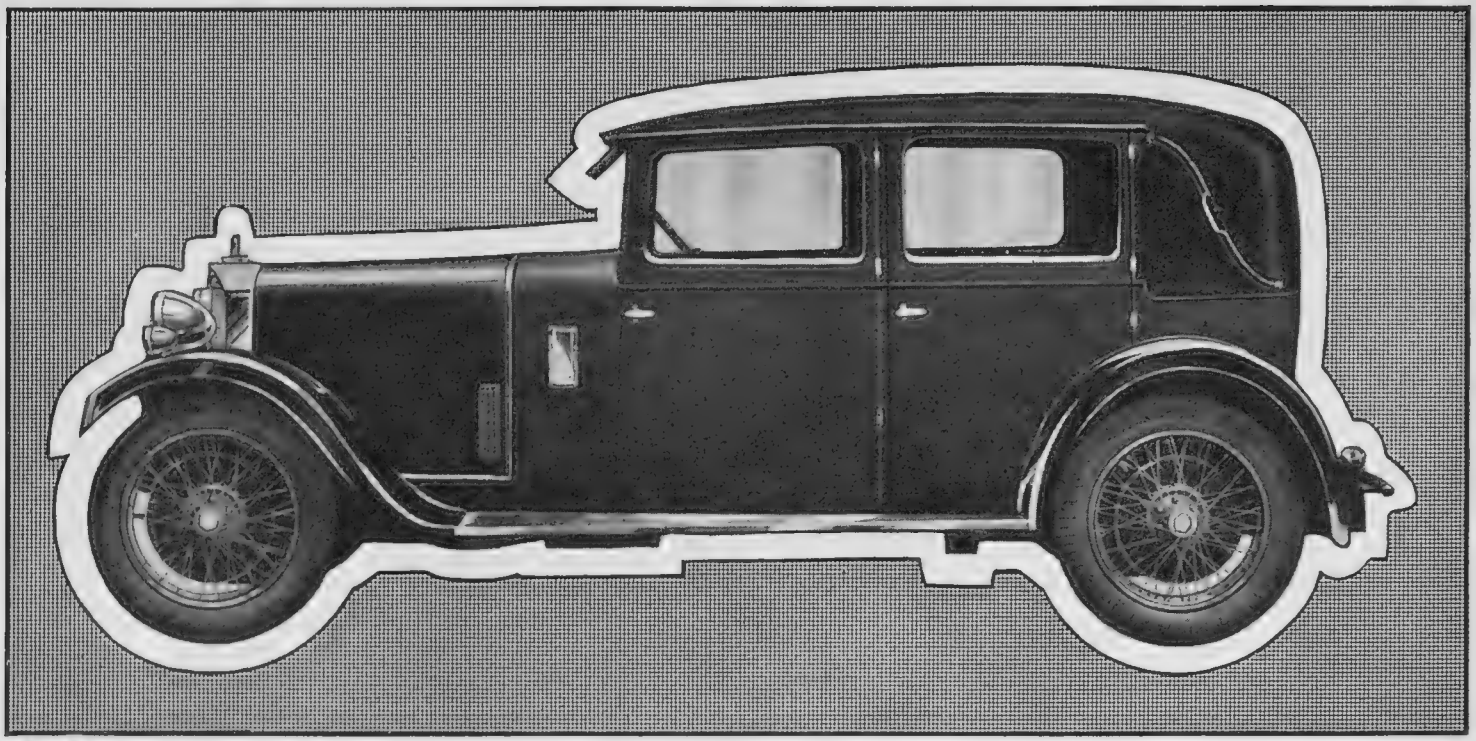


A scene of camp life, with all its adventures, of which many stories appear in "The Guide Adventurers" (Blackie: 2/6 net)



Collins's Railway Annual. A beautifully illustrated annual for all boys interested in the romance of the railroad

The front cover of Blackie's delightful Children's Annual, which contains many attractive features



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DOGS

DO LET'S BE SENSIBLE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

TO-DAY, Wednesday, brings the opening of Birmingham's two-day National Dog Show, the last of the big Shows of 1929, and always rated one of the half-dozen most important of the year. Spillers bench and feed.

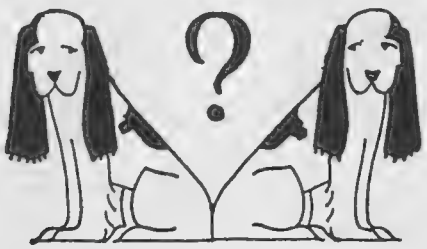
SUNDRY letters which The Kennelman must regretfully describe as "sob-stuff" comment on the fact that some two hundred people were summoned at Leicester the other day for failure to pay for Dog licences. "Surely in this country of all countries there are thousands of Dog-lovers who would gladly provide the required sums. The sound of this particular sob is not usually heard in the land until January, when it would leave The Kennelman's withers entirely unwrung but that it suggests short commons, not for certain sobbers, but for a number of Dogs likely to be forced into the ranks of the strays; that tragic army which would have no existence but for the cruelty of humans who, by giving bitches the freedom of the streets at all times, are responsible for the continued propagation of come-by-chance mongrels."

ONE daily paper, at least, had the courage, in defiance of sentimentality, to draw attention to the simple fact that any person who truly could not afford to pay for a 7*s.* 6*d.* licence obviously could not afford to keep a Dog decently. Dogdom appreciates that reminder from the *Morning Post*. A reader in the Riviera who has recently visited Berlin reports that the Dog tax there is 30*s.* per annum, and for a second Dog 40*s.*, making £3 10*s.* for a couple. "I saw no strays, very few cross-breeds, and many signs that Dogs are thriving in Germany; notably, of course, Dogs chosen for training for different forms of service. As many as a hundred policemen at one time take three months' training course with Dogs at a training centre, and when he returns to duty each man takes with him the Dog he has worked with, which is paid for by his division."

Mr. George Deane's Fashion Superior. It is the winner of nine championships, and twenty firsts and special prizes

THE quarantine kennels are extra busy just now, owing to the scores of animal pals, mostly Dogs brought home by the troops returned from the Rhine. The quarantine period costs £10, and in many cases the R.S.P.C.A. has put up some four-fifths of the amount. The man who is ready to pay £2 shows the sincerity of his affection for his favourite, and it's good to know that other Dog-lovers are rallying round and helping him out.

Which one is *really* clean



The one washed with

KŪR-MANGE

Peer down between the hairs of a dog's coat and see his skin. If it looks scaly and scurfy he is not really clean. He needs a bath with Kūr-Mange. Kūr-Mange is non-irritant because it is non-carbolic. It is non-greasy and non-odorous. Buy it at your Chemist or Stores or where you buy your Spiller's Dog Foods.

1/6 & 2/6 7 lbs. for 25/-

Use Kerol to disinfect the kennel

K.B.I.

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An ideal Christmas Present for your friends of either sex.

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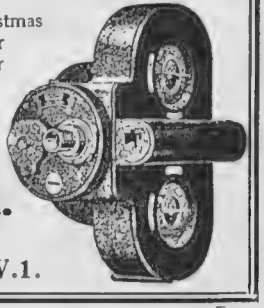

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LIZARD SKIN.

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SHAGREEN.

May be carried loose in pocket with other things. The Watch for Hard Wear.

Patented in all Countries, including its improved 16 Jewel Election Movement with ***Shock proof*** *System. Compensated for Hot and Cold Climates and Dustproof. Can be manipulated with one hand.* ***A reliable and acceptable gift.***

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Beautiful Green Shagreen	8 8 0	Plain 9 ct. Gold - -	19 19 0
Green or Grey Lizard Skin	7 17 6	,, 18 ct. ,, - -	32 10 0

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THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP
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FINE SELECTION of the RARE STAMPS of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1s. discount off catalogue prices.—G. E. WAITT, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

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the Pen

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A DOGGY CHRISTMA

"Shapes for me"

A treat for Xmas Day—and any other day — Spillers "SHAPES." Four delicious distinctive flavours. Four shapes. They provide just that variety in diet which makes such a difference to doggy enjoyment.

SPILLERS SHAPES

SPILLERS VICTORIA FOOD
19 JACOB STREET,
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Spillers

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Déjeuner

Sole au Gratin
or
Little Lobster Salads.

Fricassée de veau
or
Chicken Soufflé.

Compôte of Chestnuts.

Cheese Balls.

Café.

Sole au Gratin

A large thick sole will be required for this dish, and it should be cooked in the following way:—Mix up together in a basin some very fine breadcrumbs with chopped-up parsley, a small shallot, some mushrooms, and a piece of fat bacon the size of a nut, all of it chopped up very, very fine. Add white pepper and salt, put a piece of butter at the bottom of the dish, spread the seasoning, and lay the fish upon it, cover with more of the seasoning, and pour over all one glass of white wine and the same quantity of white stock. Cover with a layer of very fine raspings sprinkled with oiled butter. Put it in a quick oven for about twenty minutes, adding more stock if it gets too dry. It should be served in the dish in which it is cooked.

Little Lobster Salads

Rub the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs through a sieve, season with salt, pepper and cayenne, and add, by degrees, four tablespoonfuls of salad oil. When a smooth paste is formed, pour in a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, a teaspoonful of malt vinegar, a gill of cool liquid aspic jelly, and a gill or cream. Have ready some lobster coarsely chopped, add to the mixture, and fill some small china cases which have been lined with aspic jelly; pour in a little cool aspic over the filling, and put the moulds in a cool place or on ice till required. Turn them out, and garnish with a little finely shredded lettuce and cucumber.

Fricassée de Veau

Cut rather more than 1 lb. of veal into small cubes, blanch in salted water, and put into a casserole. Add enough béchamel sauce to cover the meat, season with salt and pepper, a grate of nutmeg, and three slices of lemon. Peel six tomatoes, add them to the contents of the casserole, and cook slowly in the oven for forty minutes, stirring now and then. Remove the lemon peel, and serve in the casserole with fried potatoes.

Chicken Soufflé

Take about 3 oz. of the white meat of a chicken and put it through the mincing machine. Add three beaten eggs, a little onion juice, half a pint of milk, pepper, salt, a little cayenne, and mace. Place these ingredients in a greased mould, tie it down tightly, and steam it for one hour, keeping it upright. Turn out on to a silver dish and pour some well-seasoned brown gravy round.

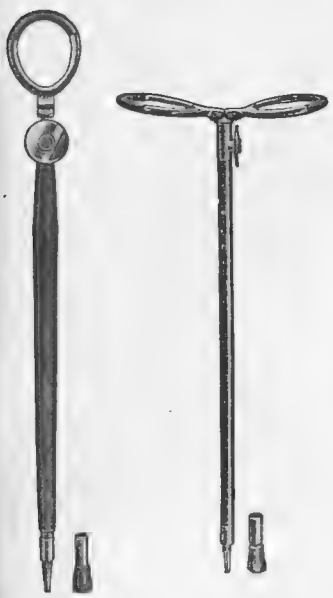
Compôte of Chestnuts

Remove the outer skin of some chestnuts and put them in a saucepan of cold water. Bring to the boil, and then peel off the under skin, being careful not to break the nuts. Make a syrup with half a pint of water, ¼ lb. of castor sugar, a glass of sherry, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the chestnuts in this for twenty minutes. Strain the syrup, pour it over the chestnuts, and serve them when they are either hot or cold.

Cheese Balls

Mix together 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, 4 oz. of grated cheese, 2 oz. of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and cayenne pepper, and two eggs. Pound all these thoroughly together, bind them with an egg, shape into very small balls, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry a golden brown in plenty of fat. Drain well and serve at once very hot, garnished with parsley.

PRESENTS
AT



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Rubber Adapter, 3/6 extra.

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IN the famous Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water, Nature supplies just those salts and other mineral elements which repel liverish tendencies.

Vichy-Célestins is a natural orderly which helps the liver to function normally. Its gentle stimulating effect is welcomed in all cases of sluggishness. It clears the blood-stream from all impurities.

Vichy-Célestins is very pleasant to the taste, and may be taken at meals either alone or mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

Caution.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*
INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road,
London, S.E.1.

VICHY ETAT

REAL
ANCHOVY TOAST

BURGESS'
RECIPE

Melt up enough butter for the number of pieces of toast required, in a soup plate, and keep it hot over a basin of boiling water. Prepare the toast and at once soak it in the melted butter. Then sprinkle over the toast about one teaspoonful of BURGESS' ESSENCE OF ANCHOVIES and smooth it over the toast with a fork.

Serve at once while hot.

THE
ORIGINAL ANCHOVY FIRM
ESTABLISHED 1760

HALFORD'S
CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

Christmas Fare

CRAWFORD'S
THE
SHORTBREAD
MAKERS

ESTABLISHED
OVER
ONE HUNDRED
YEARS

CRAWFORD'S ROBBIE BURNS ASSORTED SHORTBREAD

This year we introduce a new package of special interest—the "ROBBIE BURNS" SHORTBREAD. It is a delightful tin, with a fine Tartan background and a charming portrait of Scotland's bard, reproduced from a special drawing made by a well-known Scottish artist. Nothing could be more appropriate.

The Shortbread is the famous Crawford quality. We have been makers for over 100 years and the demand increases year by year. Crawford's Shortbread is just right for afternoon tea and all festive occasions.

Please order from your own Grocer or Baker, and to prevent disappointment do not forget to say CRAWFORD'S

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BISCUIT MAKERS TO HIS MAJESTY
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LE parfum a la mode

SUMMER fragrance at Christmas time . . . The perfumed petals are dead, but their memory lingers, imprisoned for your delight in delicate Lalique flacons. This is the rare gift made possible by Roger & Gallet in their Pavots d'Argent Suite.

Perfume (half size) - - - - - 5/6
And in Lalique bottles - - - 10/6 & 21/-
Sachet - - 1/3; Lipstick - - 1/-
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Soap (box of 3) - 7/6; Talcum - 2/6 & 2/9
Presentation Caskets - - - from 10/6
Creams, Bath Salts, etc.

P. 12

ROGER & GALLET
PARIS

PAVOTS d'ARGENT

silver poppies

GEORGE WHITELAW'S WHO'S ZOO—No. 2

The champion of London's Lido seen guarding the Hyde Park pleasure-seekers of the future from the grousers and, presumably, the Grundies, in the second of the brilliant new series of caricatures by George Whitelaw

PLAYER'S AIRMAN TOBACCOS

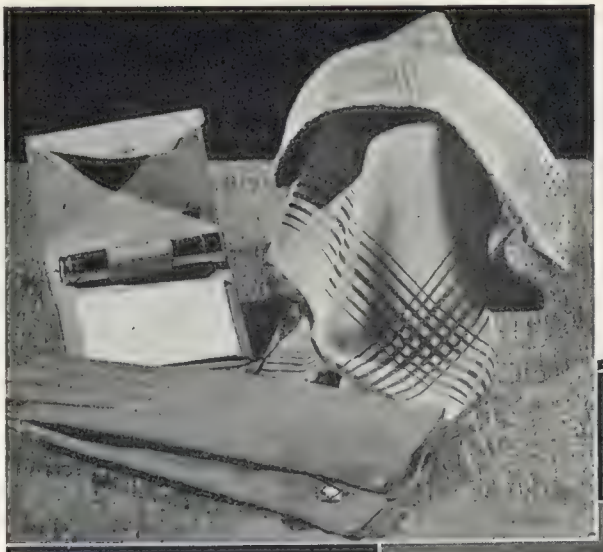
SOLD IN 1oz. 2oz. & 4oz. PACKINGS

ALL AT 9½D. PER OZ.

AIRMAN MIXTURE
AIRMAN NAVY CUT
AIRMAN FLAKE

AIRMAN GOLDEN HONEYDEW
AIRMAN BROWN HONEYDEW

DIVERSE PERSONALITIES & VARIED GIFTS TO SUIT THEM ALL



Austin Reed contributes a pair of chamois-lined gloves, an English silk square tie, a distinctive handkerchief, and a novel note case fitted with a pencil which supplies its own illumination for writing in the dark

Grey felt is used for this becoming sports hat from Woodrow's, of 46, Piccadilly. It is ornamented with narrow blue lines and a motif of pheasant's feathers

"Miss Winter" and "John Peel," fascinating rubber toys which will be warmly welcomed in the nursery. Also a full chrome "Meyrick" jacket from Andersons Rubber Co., 37, Queen Victoria Street. It is made in several beautiful colours

Every woman has an instinctive appreciation of sumptuous furs, for they enhance her charm. This genuine Alaska fox is silver pointed, and has a handsome white-tipped brush. It comes from the Fraser Fur Co., 237, Regent Street

Exquisite in every sense of the word, the new "4711" Tosca perfume is enjoying a tremendous vogue. "4711" Tosca Eau de Cologne has been created for those people who like a toilet water with a lasting fragrance

MY LADY'S BOUDOIR

1

2

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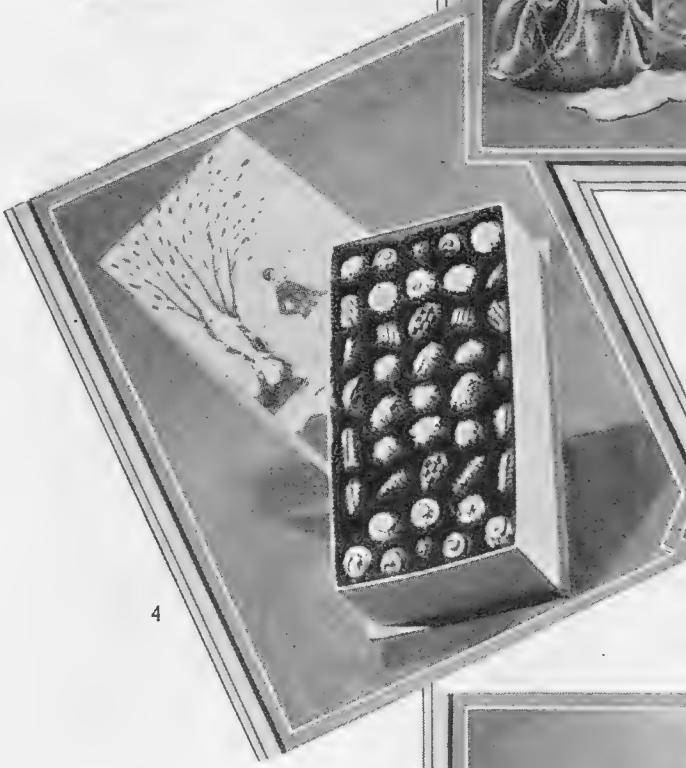

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6

1.
Attractive mules in shaded green and mauve spiral brocade, with a satin lining and frill. They come from Abbott's, of Regent Street

2.
Exquisite lingerie from Madame James, 84, Mount Street. It is of pale jade triple ninon, adorned with pleats and delicate racine lace

3.
Evening bags of silver brocade; a rosebud-trimmed ninon boudoir cap; and lace accessories sponsored by Richard Sands, 187a, Sloane Street

4.
The delicious flavours of Kunzle chocolates, which are all contained in colourful and artistic boxes, add to the enjoyment of leisure hours

5.
A Hercules embroidered American set, which consists of two pillow-cases and a bolster case. They will wear and wash marvellously well

6.
Yardley's Lavender has an irresistible appeal. Their specialities are put up in delightful gift cases for every member of the family

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to Suit Every Taste and Purse

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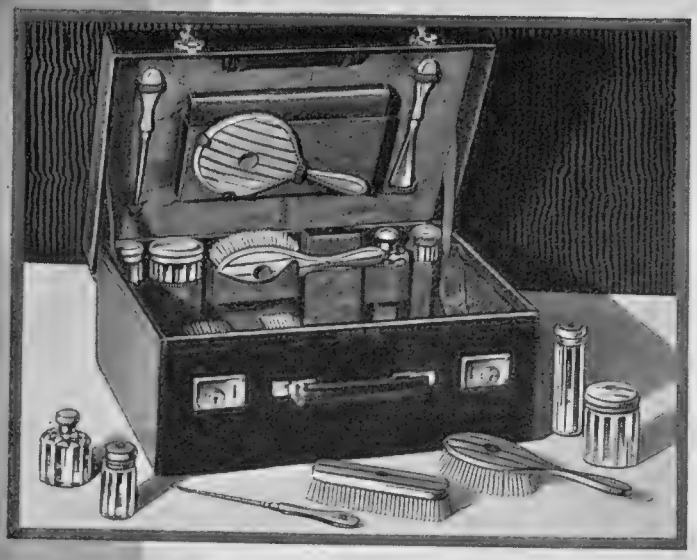
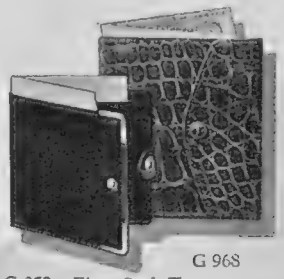


L 1673. Lady's fine Hide Travelling Case. Size 20 × 14 × 7 in. Containing a set of Engine-turned Sterling Silver Fittings, and Cut Glass Toilet Bottles mounted to match... £20 0 0
Plain Sterling Silver Fittings 18 10 0
Waterproof Cover, £1 5 0

G 845. Fine Seal Note Case and Wallet.
Silver-gilt corners, £1 17 6
Gold corners ... 2 10 0

G 938. Crocodile Wallet, lined leather, with Sterling Silver corners £1 5 0
In Morocco or polished Pigskin, Sterling Silver corners, £1 2 6



G 968

G 852. Fine Seal Treasury Note, Card and Stamp Case, with two Silver-gilt corners and button ... £1 5 0
G 968. Crocodile Folding Treasury Note Case £1 1 0

L 1617. Gentleman's Hide Fitted Attaché Case, size 10½ × 7½ × 2¾ in. Containing a set of Ebony Brushes, Nickel-plated Toilet Bottles and Jars, Safety Razor, etc. £4 15 0

G 2158. A Mappin Speciality. Seal Grained Leather Handbag. 8 in. wide. £1 1 0

L 1804. Exceptionally light weight Hand-stitched Blouse Case, in fine quality Levant Grain Calf, lined Art Silk. Pockets for Toilet fittings, etc.
16 × 12 × 6 in. £6 10 0 18 × 13 × 6½ in. £7 0 0
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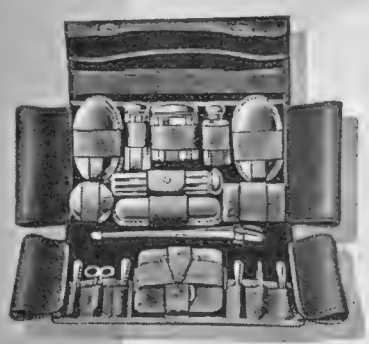

L 1278. Gentleman's Pigskin Roll-up Dressing Case, size closed, 13¼ × 9½ × 3 in. Fitted with a complete service of Ebony Brushes and Sterling Silver-mounted Cut Glass Toilet Bottles £15 0 0
With Ivory Brushes 19 10 0

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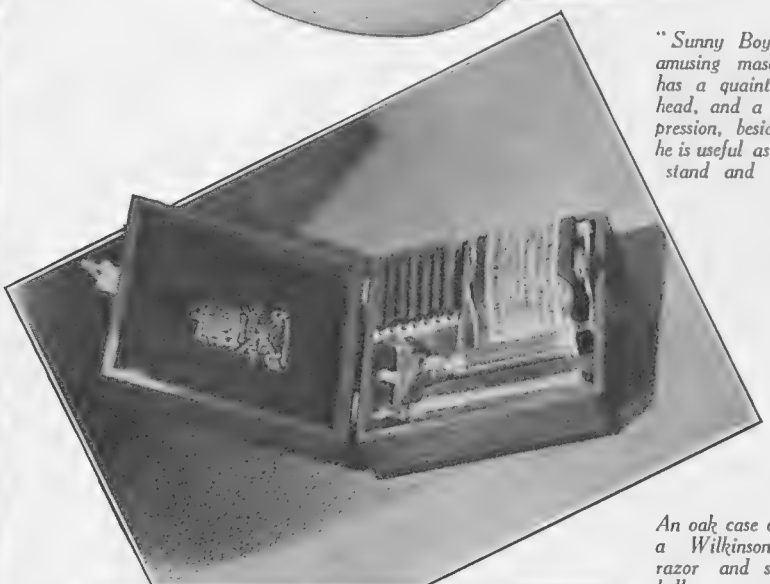
PRESENTS THAT HE WILL LIKE

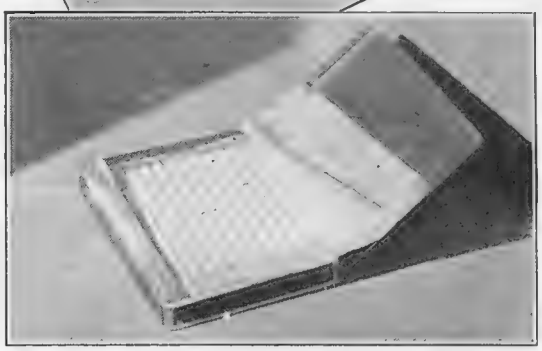
Cointreau liqueur, with its delicate orange flavour and lack of excessive sweetness, is a general favourite. It is delicious with coffee or in grape fruit, and adds tremendously to the piquancy of cocktails

"Sunny Boy" is an amusing mascot. He has a quaint wagging head, and a droll expression, besides which he is useful as a match-stand and ash-tray

Polished oak or mahogany is used for this new cabinet model of the Columbia gramophone. There are also attractive looking portables and various types of radio sets



An oak case containing a Wilkinson Sword razor and seven full hollow ground blades, with a combined honing and stropping machine



One of the new flat tins of Players' Medium Cut or No. 3 Virginia cigarettes would meet with the approval of any discriminating smoker

What couldn't I do to a lager!

He's got some lee-way to make up when he comes ashore! And he's found the right prescription for an able-bodied thirst. Lager! British lager, brewed by Barclay's. Lager with that joyous tang. Topped with fluffy froth. Winking and bubbling with heartiness. There's Barclay's light and Barclay's dark, the finest potations brewed on dry land.

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or dark—the drink for a lordly thirst

Dunville's whisky is one of the things of which Ireland is justly proud

A Great Favourite

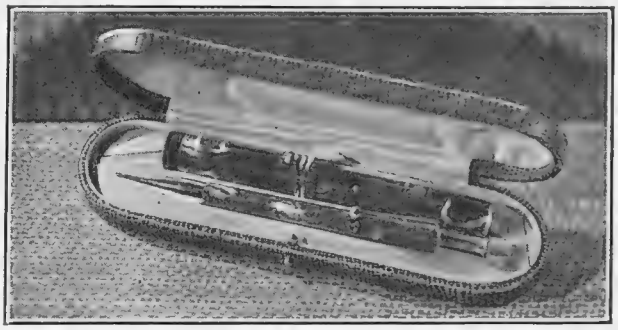
There can be few Christmas presents more generally acceptable than a case of "Clubland White" port, which is the produce of specially selected grapes grown in the best Douro vineyards of Portugal, and is guaranteed matured and aged in wood. A black leatherette attaché case, specially made to carry gramophone records and containing three bottles of "Clubland White"; an attaché case, designed for motorists to hold their tools, containing six half-bottle flasks; or an attractive wooden box holding one magnum of "Clubland White" together with a British-made plated corkscrew, would be a splendid gift.

Length of Service

A lasting and imposing present that would be sure to please is a Conway Stewart self-filling pen, or a presentation case such as the one depicted on this page, which costs only 21*s.*, and contains a No. 2 "Duro" pen and a "Conway" pencil. Both have rolled-gold fittings, and are procurable in jade green, lapis blue, and black or mottled vulcanite. The "Universal" self-filling pen is available for 5*s.*, and "Duro" point pencils may be bought for 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Yuletide Spirit

First, a distinctive method of distillation and blending, then years of mellowing in old sherry casks—to these are due the "true whisky flavour" of Dunville's fine old Irish whisky. There is an interesting story to be told about these ancient oaken casks, which were used as sherry containers for decades before commencing to play their part in lending added bouquet, richness and brightness of colour to Dunville's choice distillations. In fact, they might be called "family retainers," for they could not be replaced at any cost. Dealers are now showing one-, two-, three- and six-bottle cases of Dunville's in appropriate seasonal dress.



A Conway Stewart presentation case which holds a Duro pen and Conway pencil

A black leatherette attaché case containing three bottles of "Clubland White" port

PLAYTIME at The PICCADILLY HOTEL

★

GALA NIGHT EVERY THURSDAY

Extension of Licence till 2 a.m.

Telephone: Regent 0160

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Diner Dansant 15/6 + Souper Dansant 12/6

Special Theatre Dinner (6.30-8) 8/6

CABARET

10 p.m. & Midnight

Dancing 9.30 till 2 a.m.

THE NEW PICCADILLY PLAYERS

(Leader: Al Starita)

SUNDAY: Diner Dansant 10/6

Dancing 9-12.

PICCADILLY GRILL

Dinner 8/6. Evening Dress not essential

CABARET

10.30 & 11.30

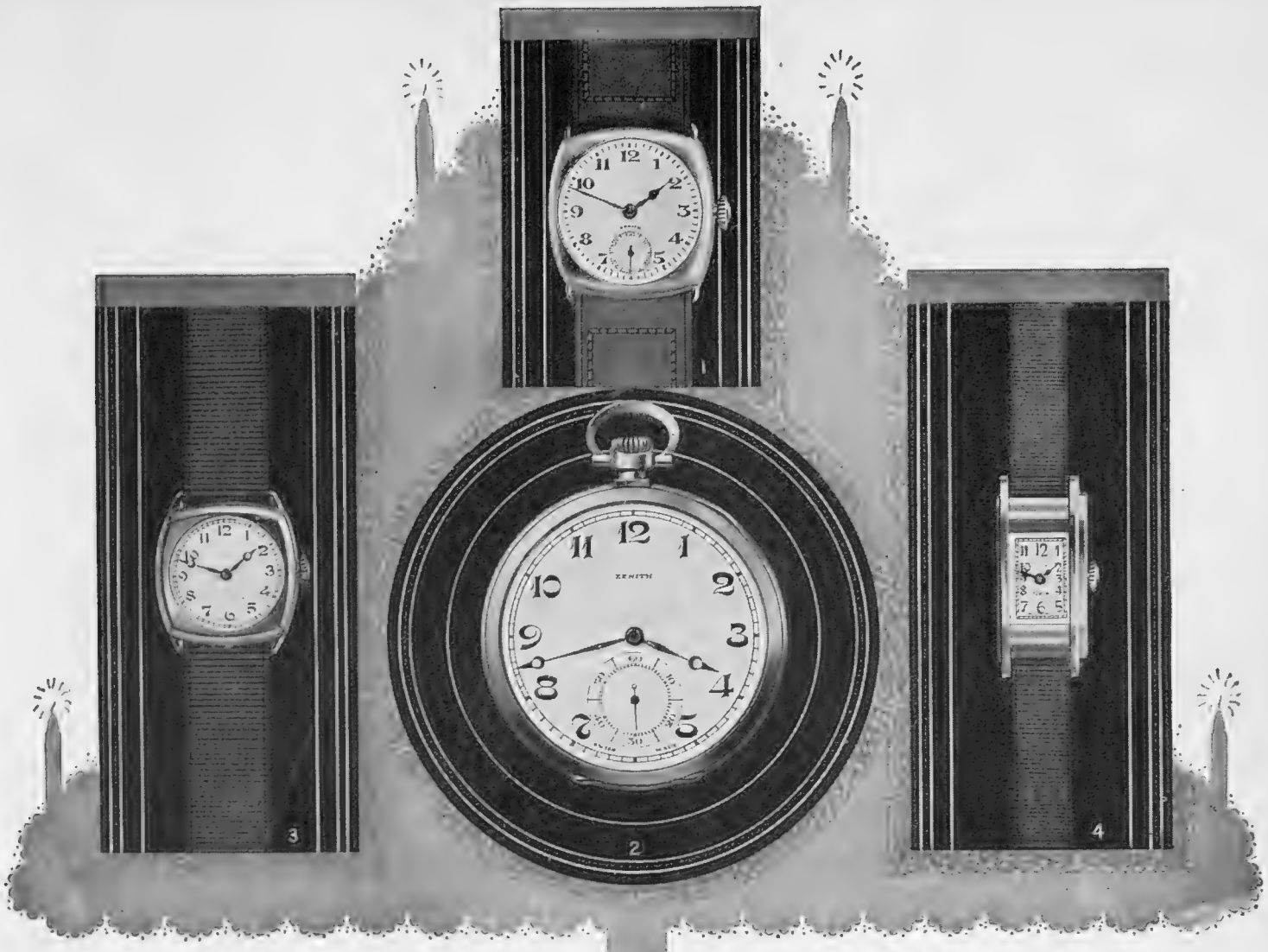
Dancing 9.30 till 2 a.m.

Sunday 9-12

THE PICCADILLY GRILL BAND

(Leader: Jerry Hoey)

PLAYTIME AT THE PICCADILLY HOTEL!



This Year give a Watch

If you would express affection, respect, esteem—give a Zenith. If you would pay a compliment to taste—a tribute to the careful spending of time—give a Zenith. No other gift conveys so much. No other gift is so strongly imbued with the true spirit of giving. A Zenith is such a good watch. It is made by the loving hands of master-craftsmen—often the fifth and sixth generation in the craft. Its accuracy is uncanny—a thing to marvel at. And a Zenith movement is always fittingly cased—cased with dignity, beauty, taste that make a Zenith watch a precious thing indeed. Zenith watches are obtainable from all the better jewellers and watchmakers. The prices are widely ranged—as low as £3 7. 6. for pocket-watches, £5 0. 0. for gentlemen's wrist-watches and £5 7. 6. for ladies' wrist-watches.

Watch No. 1, above, costs, in 9 ct. gold, £10. 2. 6, watch No. 2, in 9 ct. gold, £15. 15., watch No. 3, in 9 ct. gold, £11. 5. 0., while watch No. 4, in 18 ct. white and yellow gold, is priced £24. 5. 6. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are also offered in 18 ct. gold.

May we send you our book?

We have a book about watches which explains very clearly, very interestingly, just what makes a watch a good watch. It will fascinate you by its revelation of the wonders of the modern fine timekeeper. Write to the ZENITH WATCH COMPANY, Dept. 5D, 119 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. We will also tell you the name of your nearest Zenith dealer.

ZENITH

WHICH HOLD THE RECORD FOR ACCURACY

Watches

A 28-bore gun, complete with all cleaning fittings From Charles Lancaster

A Revelation

The rich, full flavour and the mellowness of Young's Mountain Dew Scotch Whisky are a delight to those who know what a whisky should be, and a positive revelation to those who taste it for the first time. This old-established firm is skilled in whisky blending, and the result is that Young's Mountain Dew maintains its excellence year in, year out. As a present, or a tribute to the festive board, it is sure of a hearty welcome.

For Young Shooters

Those who are looking for a present that will really please a boy should make a point of visiting Charles Lancaster and Co., 99, Mount Street, and inspecting their stock of guns. A 28-bore gun is generally regarded as much more suitable for beginners than a smaller one. It is harder hitting, possesses longer killing range, and therefore removes the limitation that is felt by those who use 410-bore guns. The cost is no more, for an admirably finished, double-barrel, hammerless 28-bore gun, British made, in case complete with all cleaning fittings, can be had for 14 guineas.

Send seasonable greetings, and a case of Young's Mountain Dew Scotch Whisky

Hand-made Cigarettes

To give hand-made cigarettes to a smoker is to pay him the highest compliment in one's power. "Regent's Own" cigarettes, which are hand-made by W. J. Block, Brown's Arcade, 92, Regent Street, from the finest Virginia-grown tobacco, are available at the rate of 25 for 2*s.* 4*d.*, 50 for 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 100 for 8*s.* 9*d.* Turkish and Egyptian blends are priced at 25 for 2*s.* 10*d.*, 50 for 5*s.* 6*d.*, and 100 for 10*s.* 9*d.*, all post free.

Decorative Candles

Christmas gifts are an annual problem that has to be faced. Those who wish to find something fresh should try decorative candles this year. Price's Art Candles are both attractive and useful. Venetians, the Jacobean, and the Willow Pattern are old friends, and, among those recently placed on the market, the Green Dragon and Crest Candles are already well known.

A Splendid Guide

An attractively illustrated brochure, with many beautifully coloured pages, has just been issued by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, who will gladly send a copy gratis and post free to anybody who writes for it, mentioning the name of this paper. It offers many excellent suggestions to those who are in search of ideal presents.

Give Champagne

The name of Bollinger has always been associated with famous brands of champagne, and in the "Special Cuvée" the connoisseur will find something that will satisfy the most fastidious of tastes. A high-class wine at a moderate cost, it has won its way to public favouritism by sheer merit, and is now in ever-increasing demand.

ALSO MAKERS OF THE FINEST
HUNTING CROPS
A CHOICE COLLECTION OF WHOLE-BARK
CROOK MALACCAS

PHOTOS AND PARTICULARS ON REQUEST.

Telephone REGENT 3223.

PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE
"PERFECT" SEAT-STICKS
23, ST. JAMES' STREET, S.W.
49, RUE DU FAUBG. ST. HONORE, PARIS.

A SENSATIONAL 4 SCREENED GRID

This—the latest production of a firm already famous for its Portables, is the crowning achievement of scientific research and costly experiment.

Range—Tone—Volume and Selectivity, all are here, brought to a pitch of perfection hitherto unobtainable.

Be sure to hear this beautifully constructed receiver. This and other models from 16 Gns. to 65 Gns. can be purchased by deferred payments if desired. From your Local Dealer or at our Showrooms, Write for illustrated Catalogue.

LANGHAM RADIO, LTD.,
1 & 3, Goodge Street, W.1.
Tottenham Court Road,
Museum 7250.

25 Gns. INCLUDING ACCESSORIES

LANGHAM RADIO LTD.

By Appointment Hard Lawn — Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King.

"EN-TOUT-CAS" SUCCESSES

BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1930 (WEST HANTS CLUB, BOURNEMOUTH)

BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS 1929 (ALL-ENGLAND CLUB, WIMBLEDON)

THE NEW IMPROVED

"En-Tout-Cas"

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

Are being used for the above Championships.

FRENCH CHAMPIONSHIPS 1929

DAVIS CUP CONTEST 1929

CHALLENGE ROUND OR FINALS

THE

"En-Tout-Cas"

BOUHANA

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT

Were Selected for these important Meetings.

THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO. (Syston), Ltd., Syston nr. Leicester.

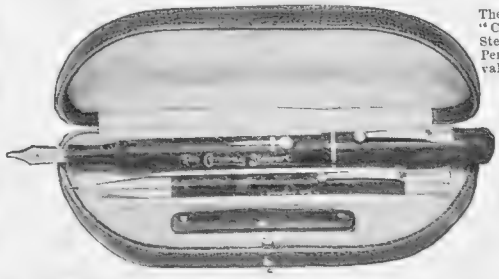
London Offices: FORTNUM & MASON, 182 Piccadilly, W.1.

United States Agents: H. A. ROBINSON & CO. Inc., 128 Water St., New York.

Agents for Canada: ERNEST A. PURKIS, Ltd., 53 Yonge Street, Toronto.

This Xmas give them all a Conway Stewart Pen or Writing Set!

In many delightful styles—acceptable to everyone. BRITISH made and unbeatable in quality, appearance and durability.



The "Conway Stewart" Pen. Super value. Prices 10/6 to 25/-

The "Duro," an oversize Pen in 2 sizes. No. 1 Price 21/- No. 2 Price 15/-

No. 90.M. Set.—Comprising mounted "Conway Stewart" Pen, standard model, in Mottled Vulcanite; also in Lapis Blue and Jade Green; with No. 2 "Conway" Pencil and Sheffield-made Penknife, all in colours to match. In Presentation Case PRICE **21/-**

Of all Stationers and Stores

Write for ***BEAUTIFUL COLOURED CHRISTMAS FOLDER,*** *Post Free, to the Manufacturers:*

Conway Stewart

& Co., Ltd.,

75/82 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

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Mackinlay's Liqueur Scotch Whisky is an excellent choice

From the Highlands

The accumulated experience of generations has gone to produce Mackinlay's Liqueur Scotch Whisky, which is a blend of old whiskies matured in the Highlands and islands of Scotland. Every drop in every bottle is over ten years old. It is a gift worthy of connoisseurs, and is therefore one which can be selected without hesitation as an acceptable Christmas offering.

A Treasure Store

What a feast of good things is contained in every one of Lazenby's "Christmas Cheer" hampers, which cost only one guinea, and can be sent to any address in the United Kingdom, free of charge. There is something which will appeal to the taste of every member of the family, and much that will be liked equally by all! Christmas pudding, mincemeat, soups, sweets, jellies, lemoncup—and lots more exciting things as well. No trouble to buy, none to dispatch, and absolutely sure of a warm welcome when it arrives. Certainly a splendid solution of the annual gift problem.

For Practical Men

Men are, as a rule, very practical, and they therefore like to receive useful gifts. Messrs. Cartwright and Warner, of Loughborough, are packing their famous "Squirrel" half hose in attractive Christmas boxes at no extra cost. Procurable in a very wide range of excellent new patterns, they are made in unshrinkable pure wool, and would therefore be a comforting as well as a decorative present. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, send a postcard asking for the name of the nearest agent.

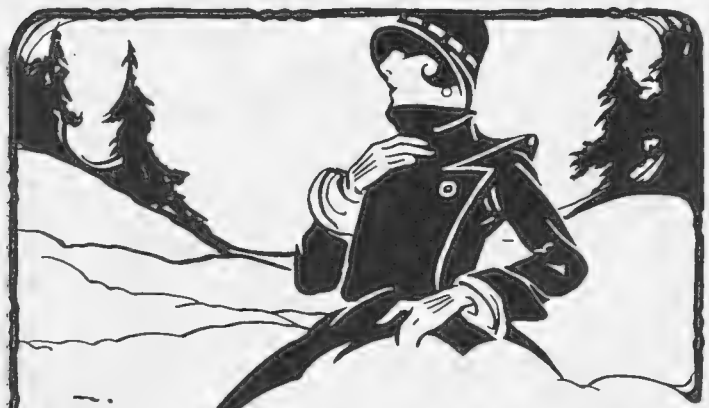
A veritable feast of good things. Lazenby's "Christmas Cheer" hamper

Riding Crops

Sports enthusiasts, and hunting folk in particular, would be delighted with any present that came from Tom Hill (Knightsbridge), of 26, Brompton Road. Their double texture waterproof riding coats, full skirted, and fitted with, or without, windcuffs and belts, cost only 84*s.*, while their renowned hunting crops are available from 7*s.* Sporting seats may be acquired from 25*s.*, or, with umbrella, from 63*s.*

Enchanted Ground

Visits to fairyland in a wonderful airship; marvellous adventures in a huge submarine which journeys under the sea to the same fair destination; or a thrilling voyage on a pirate ship which really moves—what more could a girl or boy desire? Yet these are only some of the delights which await them. It is rumoured that five hundred real live monkeys have arrived in the North of London for their special entertainment, while, in another haunt, an elephant schoolmaster presides over an unruly class! At Gamages, Father Christmas has a busy time superintending the extinction of a fire and trying to avoid the hose, which has a real water supply. After which he proceeds to enjoy, in company with a host of young admirers, the Fun and Frolic on the Alps.



Let it rain or snow wear—

HAWICO

THE UNDERWEAR AND KNITTED OUTERWEAR FOR REFINED PEOPLE

WRITE FOR BOOKLET TO: *HAWICO, 168, REGENT ST., W.1.*

G. P. Estab. 1851

HANDSOME GIFTS

FOR HUNTING FOLK

Our splendid stock of Hunting Whips, Canteens, Flasks and other accessories affords a wide choice of Xmas presents very acceptable to ladies and gentlemen who hunt.

No. 10—Hunting Whip, gent's, best whalebone, with plaited kangaroo hand-part, two stout silver castle collars, with thong .. 63/-
No. 10a—Hunting Whip, gent's, all best whalebone, plaited kangaroo hide, silver castle mount and thong 63/-
No. 11—Hunting Whip, gent's, whalebone, braided gut, pigskin leather hand-part, two silver collars with thong 50/-
No. 11a—Hunting Whip, gent's, whalebone centre, plaited kangaroo hide, silver mount and thong 50/-
No. 12—Hunting Whip, (*as illus.*), gent's, covered hogskin, with silver mount and thong 35/-
No. 14—Ditto, plaited kangaroo hide with silver mounts and thong 35/-
No. 15—Ditto. Malacca cane, silver castle mounts.. .. .. .. 30/-

We also supply Ladies' Crops as above at same price.

Plated mounts 5/- each less on all the above crops.

No. 18—Hunting Whip, made specially for hunt servants, best whalebone, plated mounts, white thong 42/-
No. 25—Boys' Crops, gut, leather handle and plated mounts with thong 12/6
No. 26—Ditto. Cane, with white thongs .. .. 7/6 & 5/6
Special Line. No. 27.—Ladies' Crops, gut, leather handle, two silver mounts, handles being made in assorted leathers, viz., Lizard-skin, Crocodile-skin, Kangaroo hide and Pig-skin. Crop with thongs 17/6

HUNTING CANTEENS, ETC.

Hunting Canteen, chamois-lined, with best plated sandwich box and glass flask with bayonet top 60/-
Sandwich Box in leather case 30/-
Hunting Horn, made in stout copper 18/6
Leather Case, for same.. .. .. 18/6
Wire Cutters, in leather case .. ..complete 21/-
Riding Cane, covered pigskin, 12/6.....Part covered, 8/6.....Plain, 3/6

Packing and post 1/6 extra.

GEO. PARKER AND SONS

ONLY ADDRESS: (SADDLERS) LIMITED.

17, 18, 19, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

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BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

For this Season of Goodwill

Willing CC28.

SANS ADIEU

THE NEW PERFUME BY

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PARIS: 7 Rue de la Paix

LONDON: 221 Regent Street and 3 Hanover Square

BIARRITZ: Au Carlton

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The restful Food

When digestion and nerves are deranged, Benger's Food is both soothing and satisfying. A cupful taken at bedtime is comforting and sleep inducing.

"Every case needing digestive help is a case for Benger's Food." Dr.——

BENGER'S Food
Regd. Trade Mark.

Sold in tins, 1/4, 2/3, etc.
Descriptive Booklet post free
BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, Manchester.

2356

Conquer Sore Throat

ATTEND to that Sore Throat at once—with Formamint. These disinfecting tablets effectively cure Sore Throat and prevent the onset of unpleasant infections such as Influenza and Colds.

FORMAMINT
WULFING BRAND
At all Chemists at 2/6 per bottle.
GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH.

NICE
GRAND HOTEL O'CONNOR
GIRAUDY
Open all the year.
200 BEDROOMS — 100 BATHROOMS
Private telephone in each room.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS OF LARGE RANGE OF GIFTS FREE ON REQUEST.

The ELECTRIC HOMES CO
73, PARK STREET, BRISTOL
'PHONE. 9374

Gold Label and Dimple qualities of Haig's excellent Scotch Whisky

Genuine Antiquity

Those who are in search of inexpensive but really good gifts will be interested to learn that this Christmas the Gold Label and Dimple qualities of Haig whisky are being put up in single and also in two-bottle decorative cardboard containers. In addition, cases holding one, two, three, six, and twelve bottles are on sale everywhere, as formerly. The Haig family has been connected with the making of Scots whisky for over three centuries, during which time its popularity has steadily increased.

A Commendable Choice

Following the successes of previous years, Messrs. Wills's "Gold Flake" and "Capstan" Medium Navy Cut cigarettes are being supplied in fancy packings, suitable for Christmas and New Year gifts. There is a mother-o'-pearl design box of "Gold Flake," and a blue leather box of "Capstan," each containing 100 cigarettes, retailing at 5*s*. There are also available Wills's "Gold Flake" Special, and "Capstan" Navy Cut Special cigarettes in plain oak cabinets of 100 cigarettes, and plain cedar cabinets of 150 cigarettes, the prices of which are 6*s*. 3*d*. and 9*s*. respectively.

A very handsome mother-o'-pearl design box containing Wills's Gold Flake cigarettes

Unfailing Service

Think of the advantage of having an electric torch which never requires new batteries! In the "No Battery" Torch, which costs 45*s*., the electricity is generated by means of a small spring motor and a compact dynamo, and so no refills of any kind are ever required. Either a spotlight or floodlight can be obtained by means of a small focusing pin. Each lamp contains a spare bulb, which is carried beneath the reflector.

A Radiant Complexion

Christmas is a gay rush, with its preliminary days of preparation, when many hours have to be spent in shopping, though the weather may be bad. If one is to keep one's skin soft and radiant it is essential that it shall be protected. Beetham's Larola, which costs 1*s*. 6*d*. and 2*s*. 6*d*. a bottle, if it is used regularly, will keep the complexion free from all blemishes and give it a velvety bloom. Larola powder, which is available for 2*s*. 6*d*. a box, is so fine that it adheres evenly and lastingly, even under the most trying conditions, while just a touch of Larola Bloom gives a natural glow to the cheeks.

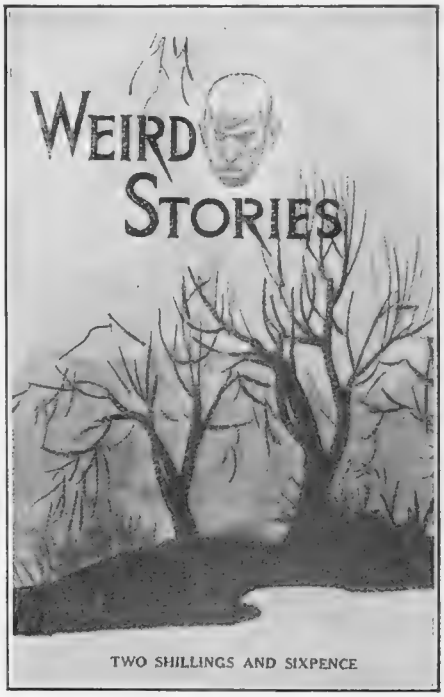
BRONNLEY'S

Toiletries de Luxe

Ess Viotto, 2/6, 4/9, 6/9 per bottle
Bronnley's Bath Soap, 4/6 per box of six.
Bronnley's Bath Salts, 1/6 to 10/6 per bottle.
Casket (as illustrated), 3/9 each.
Blue Skies Perfume, 7/6, 10/6, 21/- and 40/- per bottle.

These and other Bronnley Toiletries de Luxe are on sale at the smartest Chemists and Perfumers.

BRONNLEY
LONDON W.3.



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Now Ready

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE PER COPY

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the well-known Film Star.

Permanent Waving by PAMOIL

has unique features not obtainable by any other system.

READ THESE FACTS :—

1. It is the only permanent waving system that is owned, controlled and supervised by the ACTUAL INVENTORS.
2. The genuine Pamoilwave can only be obtained at 385, Oxford Street, W.1.
3. It is the quickest, easiest and most comfortable process, and does not strain the delicate roots nor dry or frizz the hair.
4. It is the only process which can be positively guaranteed not to change the colour of WHITE or GREY hair.
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Pamoil Wavings from 35/-
Sides from 12/-

ALDWORTH & HORNETT, 385, Oxford St., London, W.1.
(Next door to Bond St. Underground Station.) *'Phone : MAYFAIR 4103-4104.*

Hunting in Ireland

Muskerry

Distinctive Collar, Sky-blue Cloth. Evening Dress, Scarlet with Hunt Buttons, Sky-blue corded silk facings. Days of Meeting, Wednesday and Saturday.

CORK (Muskerry). The country lies in County Cork. It is a bank and wall country, about 80 per cent. being pasture, 10 per cent. plough and 10 per cent. moorland. The little wire is clearly visible. A short-backed, Irish-bred horse is best. No hunt in Ireland attracts more visitors and nowhere are they more cordially welcome. Write for details regarding accommodation and Hunting facilities in any of Ireland's Hunting Districts to Irish Tourist Association, O'Connell Street, Dublin.

See IRELAND *First*

For your throat

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants they are delightfully soothing

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**
Your Chemist sells them
8° & 1/3 Per Box

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED

WHITE

& BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Country House Facilities
in
LIGHTING, HEATING, COOKING

SILVERLITE supplies, at a much lower cost, all the advantages and convenience of both electricity and coal gas with *none* of their disadvantages.

For **COOKING** and **HEATING** it is ideal, enabling the work to be done by the turn of a tap. No coals to carry or fire-places to be cleaned.

For **LIGHTING** it is highly recommended, giving a soft light more brilliant than electric. All fittings have switch-taps, and door-switches can also be provided.

The **MODEL de LUXE** Generator has *guaranteed* efficiency, superior to any other type on the market, and is steadily replacing all other types.

SILVERLITE is odourless and non-explosive. The Generator is self-controlled, stops and starts automatically, works without noise or smell and is so simple that it can be looked after by a maid or boy.

Write now for the Book on

SILVERLITE

The High Efficiency Petrol-Gas Generator
Worked by Weights or by Small Electric or Water-Motor

SPENSERS
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And at Edinburgh.

Electrically-driven Generators for Cooking and Heating a speciality.

CENTRAL HEATING and Pumping INSTALLATIONS.

"THE INVASION"
(Devon and Somerset Staghounds)

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY.

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) .. £3:3:0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) .. £1:11:6

The actual size of the print is 15 inches by 10 inches.

Another Devon and Somerset picture after Lionel Edwards published in the same editions as the above) is—

"TARR STEPS."
(Huntsman, Harbourer and Hounds crossing the Barle.)

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (inland registered postage, 1/- extra) from –

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2.

Castillon Cognac Brandy comes from the Charente districts of France

Health and Happiness

Brandy when it qualifies as "Cognac" is Brandy at its choicest. A true Cognac is Castillon Cognac Brandy, born and bred in the Charente districts, for it never leaves home until it is matured. Then it has that rare richness and subtle flavour which connoisseurs praise. It has, too, that intrinsic medicinal value which makes it an essential of the medicine chest. It is obtainable in whole and half bottles, or in handy flasks. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, write to the London Agents, at 85, Turnmill Street, E.C.

A diamond-set Rolex watch, which is a triumph of the scientist's and the jeweller's art

A case of "Highland Queen" Scotch whisky would be an admirable token of good wishes

Wonderful Watches

Rolex watches enjoy a reputation that is most enviable. Their newest product, the Rolex "Prince," is no ordinary wrist-watch—it is a supergrade production of outstanding merit and distinction. Beautifully curved to the wrist, and set in fifteen fine rubies, it goes for sixty-four hours with one winding, and is not affected by change of climate or temperature. The separate "seconds" dial will appeal to all sportsmen, and the fact that it has won twenty-five world's records for accuracy makes any other comments superfluous. It is obtainable in pure solid platinum, white or yellow gold, and untarnishable silver. The wide range of diamond-set Rolex watches, which are available from 20 guineas, offer many opportunities of selecting a perfect gift for a woman.

A Worthy Present

The advent of the Yuletide season turns the thoughts to tokens of good wishes, and the cold weather reminds one that whisky is a worthy contribution. "Highland Queen," the well-known Scotch whisky, product of the Largest Independent Distillers in Scotland, is guaranteed by them to be 100 per cent. pure Scotch. It is being specially packed for Christmas in cases of two, three, or six bottles, ready for immediate delivery. Your friends will drink your health with gratitude.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE

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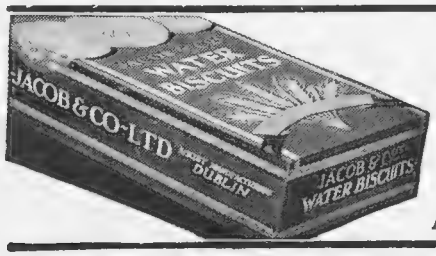


JACOB'S WATER BISCUITS

2/- PER TIN

Packed in a tin you can use on the table

Also obtainable (either "*high-baked*" or "*ordinary*") loose or in half-pound packets

For the Rest of your Life

Insist on—

McLintock

PIONEER IN THE MAKING OF

DOWN QUILTS

Lovely colourings, beautiful designs, thrice purified down filling and wonderful lightness and warmth. Sleep under a McLintock and sleep well.

See the delightful McLintock Range at the nearest Drapery or Furnishing Store.

Manufactured by—
McLINTOCK & SONS, Ltd.
BARNSLEY & LONDON.

Established 1860.

Good taste.....

is
instinctive
with some people
.....Now this

Dunville's
IRISH WHISKY

for example... it has the
true whisky flavour.....
It's quite natural that
you should drink it.....

Tastes *good!*...

D. A.-W. 6.

V. 60.

STOP THAT COLD

with

VAPEX

(REG. TRADE MARK)

INHALANT

"A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex."

"Vapex" is so pleasant that nobody who has ever used it hesitates between the two alternatives. Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. It searches out the germs and deprives them of their power for mischief. The head is relieved. The "stuffiness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour brings a powerfully active germicide into direct contact with the germs.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD., BARDSLEY VALE

BO 313

By Appointment.

WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

108-119, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.
Established 1766.

A Handsome Xmas Gift

SERVICEABLE DRESSING GOWN

in Zananette, lined entirely with Art. Silk and trimmed platinum Grey Fur. Our own make and recommended for present wear. Colours: Pink, Saxe, Vieux Rose and Parma. Exceptional Value.

Price **49/11**

BOUDOIR CAP with ribbon flower trimming on Lace and Crêpe de Chine. Pink, Blue and Mauve.

Price **7/11**

Post Free in British Isles.

PUT WALPOLES ON YOUR XMAS SHOPPING LIST.

A visit to our various depts. will reveal many suitable Gifts.

Dainty Lingerie—charming for intimate friends

If unable to call, please write for our Illustrated FASHION AND XMAS GIFT BOOKS. They will be sent post free.

BEST IN 1874.
BEST IN 1929.

: :

Holly Leaves

YOUR
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

NOW ON SALE
FROM ALL NEWSAGENTS.

Price - 2/-

Publishing Office:
Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

Signal your friendship with a Gift of "4711"

And these too will be acceptable

"4711" Compact

Perfumed with "Tosca." In all shades. In elegant gilt, Blue and Gold case, with Mirror and Puff at 2/6 each. Refills 1/o each.

"4711" Powder

Perfumed with "4711" Eau de Cologne In all fashionable shades 1/3 per box

"4711" Cold Cream

Perfumed with Otto of Rose, unequalled in quality. In pots at 1/6 and 2/6, and in tubes 1/-.

"4711" Vanishing Cream

Perfumed with "4711" Eau de Cologne. In pots at 2/- and tubes 1/- each.

PRESENTATION BOXES

Containing two cakes of soap and one bottle of "4711"

No. 108 R
Price 4/-

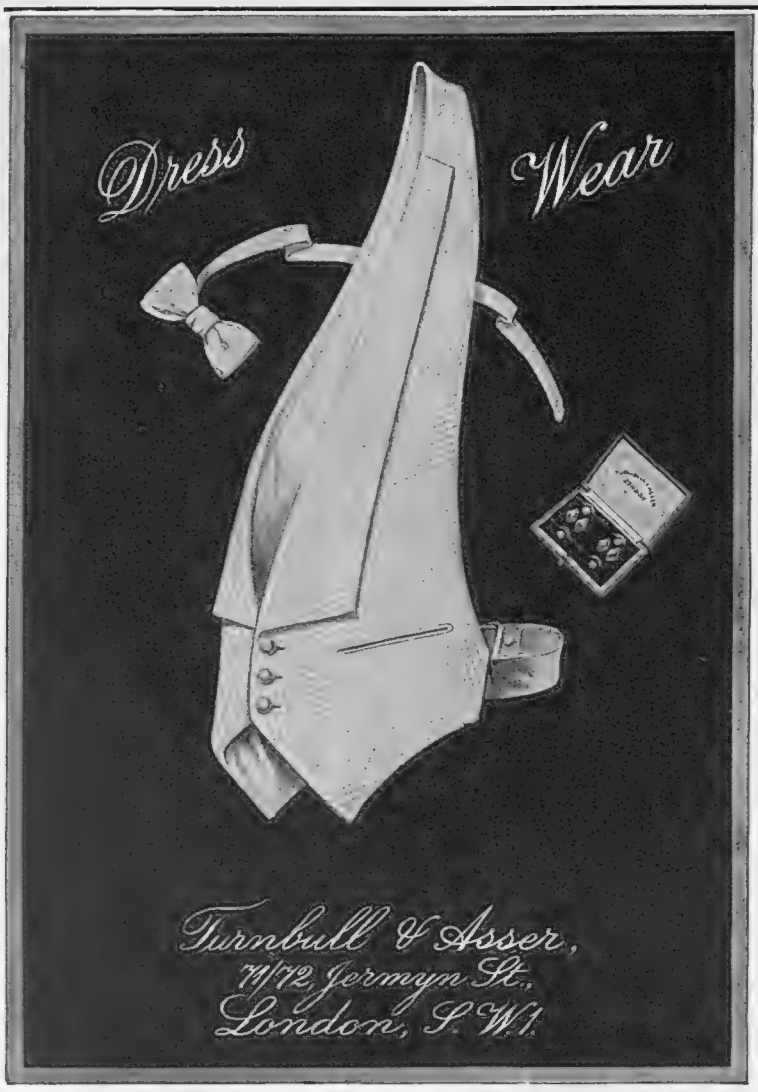
No. 5 Nos. 3 & 43 No. 50 No. 18

No.	5	The original shape, most popularly known, in two sizes 4/9 and 8/9 each.
No.	3	Wicker covered bottles 15/-, other sizes medium 30/- and larger 56/- each.
No.	43	Watch-shaped with sprinkler top suitable for handbag, in two sizes 2/6 and 4/9
No.	50	Household size, screw cap 36/- each. Containing as much as 20 to 21 of the 2/6 size.
No.	18	Pear-shaped with nickel screw cap, containing about 4½ ounces, 10/6 each.

COULD you express your love and friendship in a better way than by a gift of "4711," whether Eau de Cologne, creams, powders, or soaps? Fashion unites with tradition in making these the most acceptable and seasonable of presents. Be sure when selecting your gifts that each has the *Blue and Gold label*, with the numerals "4711." This little care in detail not only ensures you getting, but giving the best.

Your favourite Perfumer or Chemist will gladly show you the various "4711" items from the dainty watch-shaped bottle costing 2/6, rising upwards to the elaborate 56/- wickers.

4711. Eau de Cologne



Important Announcement

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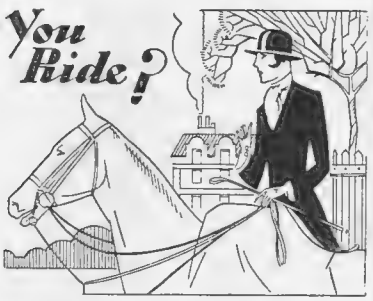

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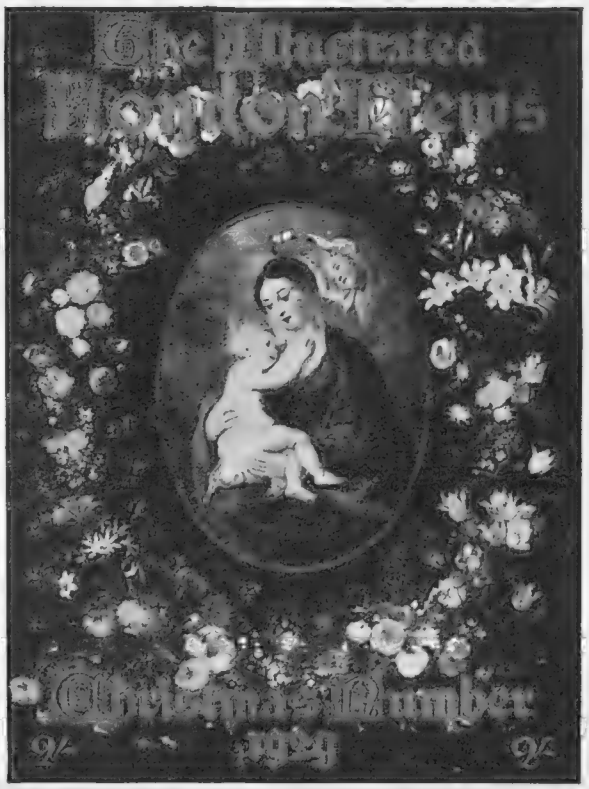

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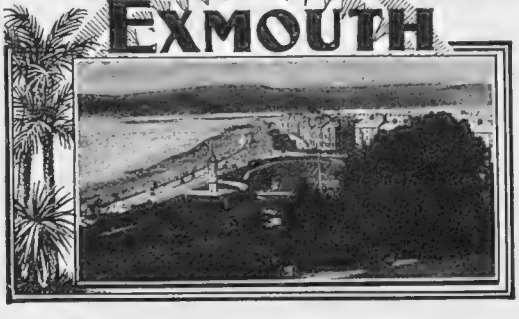

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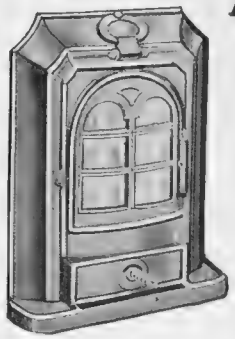

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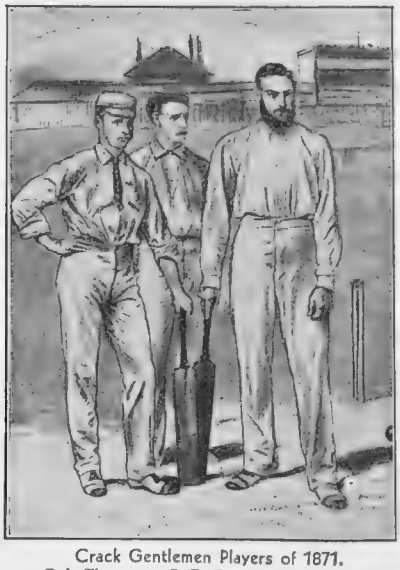

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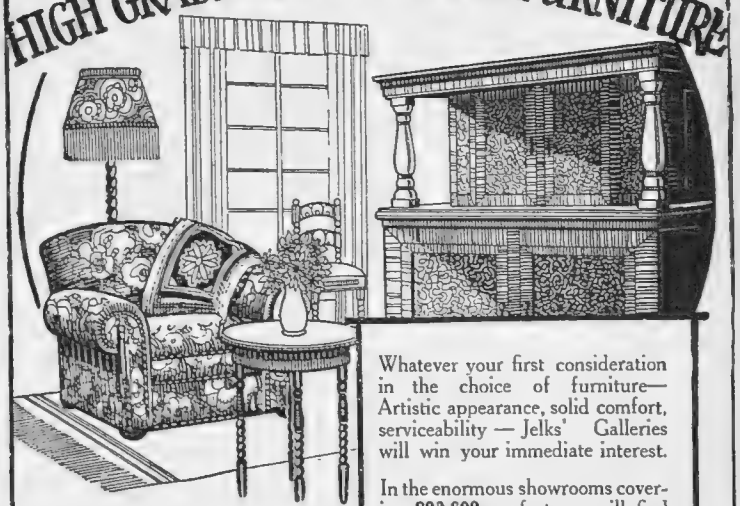

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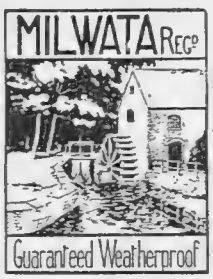

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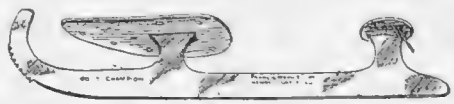

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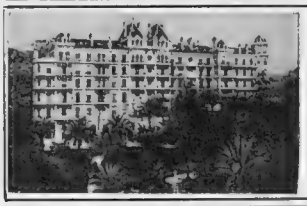

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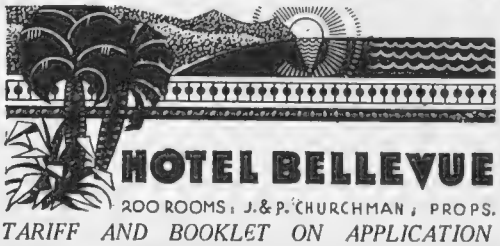

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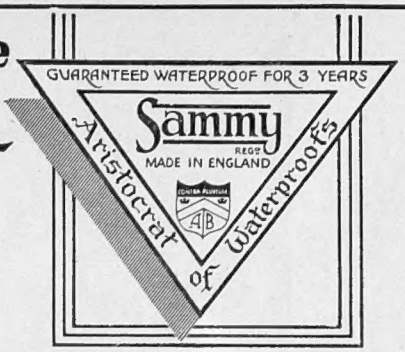

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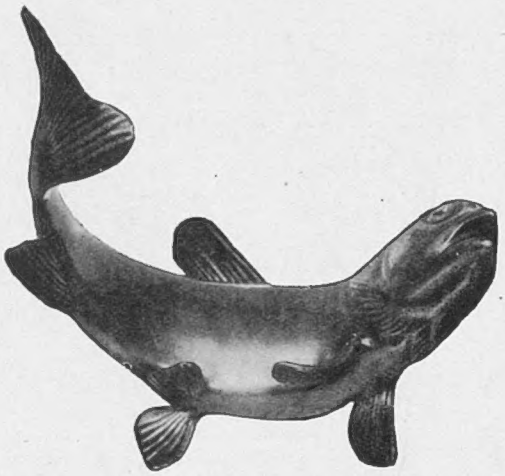

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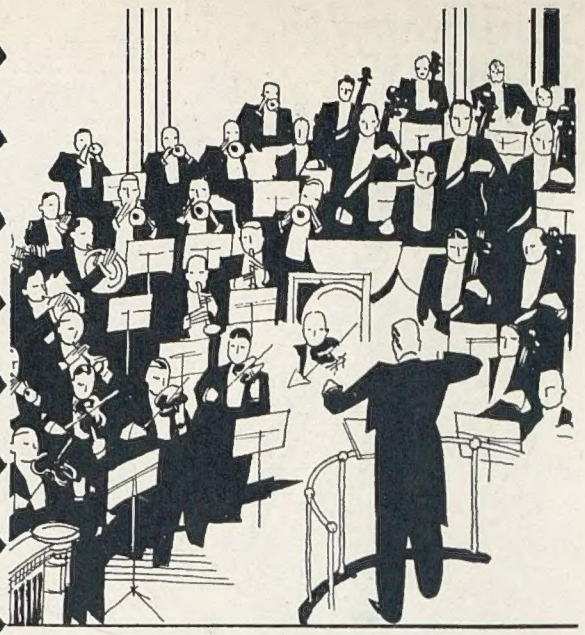

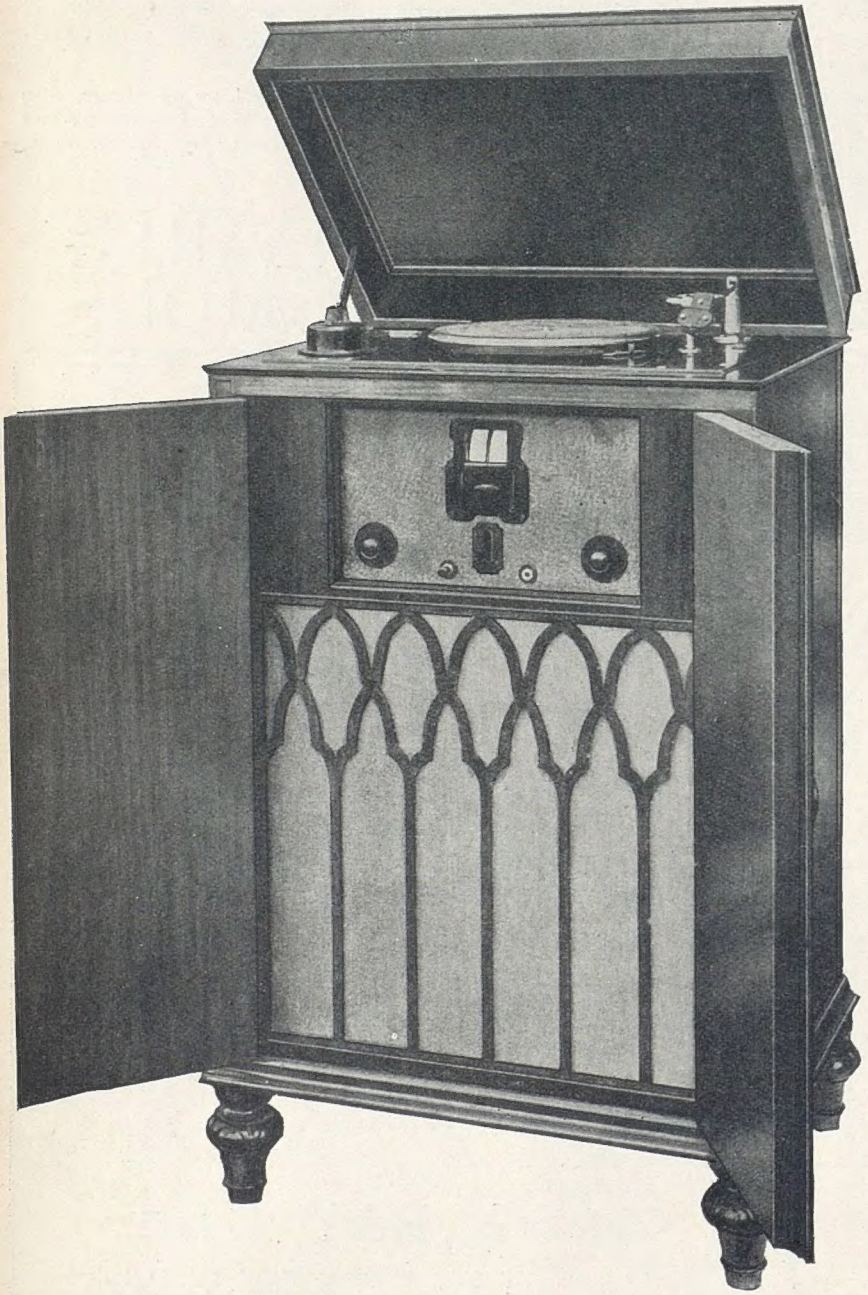

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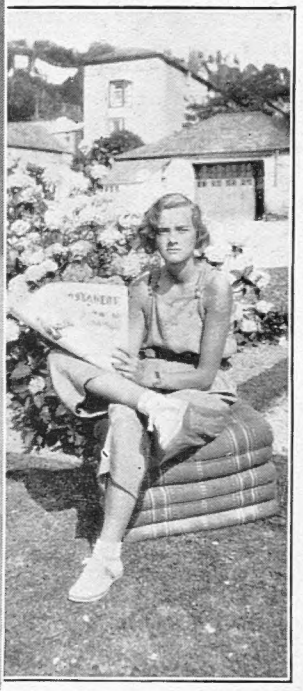

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Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.